

BE CAREFUL TO OPEN THIS PAPER BEFORE CUTTING IT

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1867, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 654—Vol. XXVI.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS \$1 00]

## Our Picture of the High Court of Impeachment.

We do not often allude, editorially, to the illustrations published in this journal. They are, in themselves, the best witnesses of their value as pictorial records of passing events. But, in presenting to the public the splendid engraving of "The High Court of Impeachment," contained in this number, we will take occasion to invite the popular attention to the fact that this picture, accurately representing one of the most interesting phases in the great trial, will be a most desirable acquisition to every household in the land, not only as a work of art, but as a memento of one of the most remarkable and important episodes in the history of the Republic. It should be framed and kept as an heirloom in every family that regards with interest the national destiny; for

the time will come when, to future generations, this picture will tell, more eloquently than written words, its story of a crisis, the results of which none now can foresee, in the experiment of republicanism, that is now passing, perhaps, its most trying ordeal.

### Commissioners of Police as Judges.

THERE is among our civic officials precisely that tendency to a jumble of executive with legislative functions which one might expect to find in a community which had just emerged from a terrible conflict with a foreign or domestic foe. One of the worst effects of such a struggle is, that at its close our citizens remain deprived of those rights which they had, during the period of disturbance, willingly surrendered in order that justice might be dealt swiftly and surely, unimpeded by the forms which in ordinary times are our security

from oppression. For a special purpose the exercise of extraordinary powers was tacitly allowed to the police authorities during the war, and now, the war having ceased, it is no less the duty of the police to refrain from the exercise of their special powers, than it is of every citizen to join in the determination that arbitrary and illegal arrests shall be stopped.

A case lately reported by one of our daily contemporaries will fully illustrate our meaning. It appears that one of the nightpolice had received and appropriated to his own use, and with the connivance of a private watchman, some articles taken from a store which had been found open, or insecurely fastened. The evidence was most clear against the officer, who had nothing to say in his own defense, and he was at once dismissed from the force and ordered to take the buttons off his police uniform.

Here it is manifest that the Police Commis-

sioners are at once judges, jury and executioners. They forget, or are careless as to the fact, that this is a community of Law, and that the law, before which all men are equal, lays down clearly what are offenses against it, the mode of proving those offenses, and the punishment to follow. Either Farsari was guilty of a felony, or he was not. If he was not guilty of felony, he could only have committed an indiscretion, and a mere indiscretion is not usually punished severely by the Board.

On the other hand, from the language used by the Commissioners, it is fair to presume that they regard the offense as of the gravest kind, and if so, we hold that the duty of the Board was to send the culprit to jail as accessory or principal in a felony. Instead of doing this, they order him to cut off his buttons! There are, of course, many infringements of the laws and discipline of the police force which yet are not crimes *quoad* the people, and for these an officer may very properly be dis-



Benj. F. Butler, Mass.

Jas. F. Wilson, Iowa.

Thaddeus Stevens, Penn.

Geo. S. Boutwell, Mass.

Thomas Williams, Penn.

John A. Logan, Illinois.

John A. Bingham, Ohio.

THE MANAGERS OF IMPEACHMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 55.



missed. But if an officer commit a felony while on duty, who does he offend against, the police, or the commonwealth? Messrs. Acton and Brennan answer "Against the police," and forthwith cut off his buttons; but we say, and the public will agree with us—"Against the commonwealth;"—and the Commissioners strangely neglected their duty in not sending the case to the District Attorney.

Forsari has been either too heavily punished if he is innocent, or too lightly punished if guilty. In either case, under an accusation of felony, he is entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers, and the community is defrauded of its rights if, instead of the legal punishment provided for convicted felons, one is condemned by an unauthorized tribunal only to lose his employment and his buttons.

Another aspect of this affair is, that a police-officer seems to enjoy an immunity in crime denied to a private citizen. Nobody can doubt that if Forsari had arrested a "party" for being accessory to the plunder of a carelessly closed store in collusion with the private watchman, that imprisonment for a long or short term would have followed conviction. Forsari will not arrest himself. The Commissioners of Police will not arrest him. And yet, if guilty at all, his guilt is the more heinous because he stole the property it was his duty to guard. Happy officers! whose sole punishment for the greatest crimes against the State is to be deprived of their badges, and to have their uniform buttons cut off! Perhaps the Board consider that exclusion from such a Paradise is the worst fate that could befall a man.

It is a most trite saying, "that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." The dearest privilege of the citizen of a free country is exemption from frivolous and arbitrary arrest, and it is scarcely too much to say that without this security in our homes, the privileges of a republican form of government are an empty and vain boast. In addition to this case of the Police Commissioners winking at a felony by one of their officers, we have lately heard of a citizen being arrested in Wall street for no other offense than that of carrying a paper parcel under his arm at a late hour in the afternoon! Even worse than this was the wholesale arrest of a number of young ladies and gentlemen, who, with the written permission of the Mayor, were carrying out one of the festivities of the Jewish Church on the evening of the Christian Sabbath (this being the gravamen of the offense), and locking them up for hours in a police-cell. There is only one cure we know of for these high-handed measures, and that is—the creation of a healthy public spirit. They will end only when some sufferers have courage enough, time enough and money enough to sue police-officers making illegal, not to say, malicious arrests, and juries can be found who dare to award swinging and exemplary damages against those who violate our rights.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1868.

NOTICE is hereby given, that no one, except himself, is authorized to use the name of FRANK LESLIE, either for business transactions or for obtaining facilities and courtesies extended to the Press.

#### Notice.

Our splendid engraving, 31 by 21 inches, of the "High Court of Impeachment," should be framed and preserved as a memento of the great national event it illustrates. The creases made by the folding can be removed by laying the picture, slightly dampened, between two pieces of paper or linen, and passing a smoothing-iron, moderately heated, over the surface.

#### The Water Supply of New York.

A DISCUSSION has been going on for some time in the *Evening Post* of this city with regard to the supply of water furnished to the city of New York in comparison with that of Philadelphia. The latest article in that paper on the subject, is a letter from Mr. Craven, Chief Engineer of the Croton Water Works. Now, even chief engineers are fallible, and although Mr. Craven's letter is, in some respects, a complete answer to the complaints preferred against the water supply of New York as compared to that of Philadelphia, it still contains a few inaccuracies or omissions.

In the first place, with reference to the comparative amount of water supplied to buildings in the two cities respectively, Mr. Craven says that, while 92,993 buildings in Philadelphia receive an aggregate of 29,771,000 gallons of water daily, there is distributed to about 65,000 buildings in New York, each day, upward of 62,000 gallons, or, in other words, that the daily supply is only 320 gallons to each house in Philadelphia, against 964 gallons to each house in New York. This would be a fair comparison, if the fact was not notorious

that the proportionate supply of water to each building in this city depends to a great extent upon the topographical position of such building. Or, in other words, A, in one quarter of the city, is able to receive and waste much more than his rightful share, while B, in another quarter cannot get half or even a fourth of the quantity due him, owing not solely, as Mr. Craven thinks, to the wastefulness of A, but to the relative position of the two houses of A and B with reference to the water level of the reservoirs.

This is not the case in Philadelphia. The various water-works there have the forcing power needed to send an adequate and proportional quantity of water to every house they supply, irrespective of topographical position. This difference of supply in New York, therefore, is due to the want of sufficient elevation of the supplying reservoirs.

Mr. Craven very justly attributes a good deal of the trouble in obtaining water to the wastefulness of citizens in allowing their faucets to remain open day and night through the cold weather, and says that "this, and this alone, is the cause of the evil of which complaint is made." But the same, or nearly the same, insufficiency of water has been felt in summer as in winter, the accidents of frost excepted. There has been the same failure to run of faucets in upper floors during certain hours of the day in July as in January. Finally, with regard to the custom of letting the water flow, during winter, in public or private houses, Mr. Craven may be right in his assertion that this waste is less in the former than in the latter, but he does not give the explanation of such wastefulness, which is simply this: the manner of constructing buildings in this city, whether for private or public use, is frequently so faulty with reference to the introduction and distribution of the water-pipes, that these are constantly subject to frost in sudden and severe changes of temperature, and that the habit of letting the water flow continually through them has been a necessary measure of self-protection.

#### Foundlings in Russia.

THERE is no country in Europe where that peculiar morality which encourages Foundling Hospitals is so general as it is in Russia. The number of foundlings is enormous, more than twice that of France, which has been erroneously thought the loohest nation in this respect. The Russian Government takes care of its foundlings, too, as far as it can. The Foundling Hospital in Moscow is the largest institution of the kind in the whole world. A gentleman, who has recently visited this great establishment, gives an interesting description of its capacity and organization.

This hospital was founded in 1766, by the Empress Elizabeth. One million of dollars are annually devoted to its support. Twelve thousand foundlings are admitted every year. It contains also a savings or Lombard bank, wherein all sums left for the foundlings by those who deposit them are kept at interest for their benefit.

Children are not left secretly at the door of this hospital, as in some other countries. They are openly taken by their parents or friends into a room set apart for this purpose. Here each awaits his or her turn in file. Two questions only are asked by the receiving officer: 1st. Has the child been baptized? 2d. If so, by what name? The answers are then recorded, the infant registered, a printed number placed round its neck, and a duplicate of the same on its cot or crib.

A receipt is also handed to the bearer of the child, repeating this number, and giving permission to the bearer not only to visit the foundling, but even to claim it at any period up to its attaining the age of ten years.

The child being thus received and labeled, is passed into another apartment, and handed to the future foster-parent, she being the woman who happens at the moment to stand at the head of the list among a number who are always waiting in attendance. These women are often peasants from the country, who have been depositors of their own children but a few hours before, or else mothers who have left their own children in the country to be brought up by hand, attracted by the wages and good quarters provided them in the institutions.

These infants are not all illegitimate, many of them being left by parents who are too poor to support them, or who are at service, and therefore unable to attend to them.

There are several thousand nurses in this hospital, seven hundred being counted in a single hall or ward. The discipline is strict, and a different style of dress or uniform is worn in each ward.

When the children are grown old enough to labor for their own support, if they are not claimed, the Government employs them, or puts them out to a service or trade. The majority of them, however, are reclaimed by their families before this period arrives.

The system is a curious and instructive one

for the contemplation of the moralist and student of social science.

#### American Women in Paris.

AMERICAN ladies, if the correspondents of the London journals are to be trusted, seem to have attained a very conspicuous position in Paris society, and the papers are never weary of praising their beauty and recording their movements. Mr. G. A. Sala writes to the *London Telegraph*:

"To-day was celebrated, with great *félicité*, the marriage of M. Leon Goetz and Miss Stone, daughter of an American gentleman, formerly as well known in Rome as he is now in Paris. The marriage may be described as 'international,' and so France, England and America were well represented there. When you say there are American girls at any *féte* or ceremony in Paris, you practically assert that there were very pretty people present. It is not now, as in the good old times, when England—and, barring England, Russia—supplied the freshness and beauty of the flowers which make up the bouquet of a Paris ball-room. Now, the exotics come from American houses, and, in truth, are very nice exotics indeed."

And here Mr. Sala goes on to give a number of the American beauties "special puffs" by name. This practice, and that of publishing the "points" of young women, as the sporting papers do those of race-horses, is in questionable taste, and ought to be offensive to those who are thus made notorious. Unhappily, it does not appear to be so, at home or abroad. In Paris, hitherto, the names of women which it was considered safe to use in the newspapers were generally, if not always, those of the *demi-monde*. But now, it seems, the impertinence has spread without reproof, so as to include many of our countrywomen, and to draw out the following criticism and censure from the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*:

"It is a fact past question that, thanks to the commendable efforts of certain of our more or less fair countrywomen in Paris this season, our countrywomen in general have acquired, with French club-and-casémen in general, the reputation of being the queerest, fastest and loohest, most amusing and questionable females that civilization, or the want of it, has yet produced."

"The names of American girls, which I will not record here, out of regard for their rich but honest parents, are daily readable in the same newspaper catalogue of notoriety with the most shamelessly celebrate of *Traviata*. I have now before me a file of a daily respectable political Paris newspaper. In its Jenkins column, I notice, as often as twice a week, the names of the females displayed most prominently to the eye in the dress circle of the Italian Opera. The list of female notoriety is made up *primo* of more or less reputable married females, distinguished by their husbands' position in the diplomatic, or by their own in the established fashionable social world of Paris; secondly, of unmarried females. Now of these last you can safely make two classes. The first class of mademoiselles, who get printed in the list of notable females in the dress circle of the Italian Opera, is made up of the more eminent members of the brilliant *demi-monde* or *demi-rep* society of Paris; the second class of unmarried women, whose names get into print in the Jenkins columns of decent newspapers by attracting Jenkins's and the public attention by their beauty and the costliness of their low-neck dresses, is invariably made up of American girls. No English miss, no French (virtuous) mademoiselle, will ever be found in the same paragraph that couples *Julia Barucci* and *Cora Pearl* with the Mademoiselle Americaines."

"This collocation in point of the names of unmarried French and American misses, leads to their commonness of themes in clubs and café colloquy, to which no American gentleman listening has a right to object. Mind that. If American girls and women will insist in exposing themselves to the French public in the same guise and disguise as public Frenchwomen do, they have no claim for themselves or friends to be treated otherwise in club or café talk than other public and published women are treated."

#### A Special Presidential Election.

IN the speculations as to what would follow on the removal of the President, in the Executive administration of the country, we do not remember having seen any reference to the law of March 1, 1792, relating to the case of vacancies in the office of President and Vice-President, "from removal, death, resignation, or inability."

It is well understood that when the office of President becomes vacant, the Vice-President becomes President; and in case of his death, removal, or other cause, the President of the Senate succeeds to the position, or if there be no President of the Senate, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives. But, according to the act referred to, neither the President of the Senate nor the Speaker of the House can act as President until the end of the terms of the officers to whose places they have succeeded. On the contrary, they can only act until the following 4th of March, and meantime there must be a special election of President and Vice-President.

We will suppose that Mr. Johnson is removed and that Mr. Wade becomes Acting President. The law says that then "the Secretary of State shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the Executive of every State, and published in the newspapers, specifying that Electors shall be chosen or appointed within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December next ensuing," who shall proceed to elect a President and Vice-President, who shall assume the duties of their respective offices on the 4th day of March ensuing.

In the present case this special election would coincide with the regular election, but it does not appear that the Secretary of State can omit to order it all the same. If it were the first year of Mr. Johnson's administration, Mr. Wade would succeed, but only for the time being, and until a new election could be had. As it is, always supposing Mr. Johnson is removed, he will serve out what remains of Mr. Johnson's term.

#### About Many Things.

WE have just opened diplomatic relations with the toy kingdom of Greece, and have accredited a Minister to its court. The population of the country is 1,332,500, and it has a debt of \$65,000,000, with a revenue of \$4,500,000. Public affairs are conducted by an employé, paid out of the public funds, to every fifty of the people. There is an army of 8,457 soldiers. The personal cost of the king is \$214,300 per annum. Evidently the cost of government in Greece is inversely to its importance.—The engineer in charge of the Central Pacific Railway reports that he has completed the tunnel through the summit of the Sierra Nevada, is descending the western slope of the range, and will soon reach the open country of the Great Salt Lake basin, where he expects to lay a mile of rails every day. At this rate, the line will soon connect the Atlantic with the Pacific.—It was Louis, ex-King of Bavaria, who died on the 29th of February, and not young Louis, the reigning king. The defunct will be remembered here chiefly as the king whose fancy for Lola Montes, the dancer, caused an *émende* in Munich, and cost him his throne. His claim to be remembered in Bavaria is, however, a better one. By extreme economy he saved enough money out of the revenue and his own income to rebuild Munich and convert it into a capital of Art. Not possessed of any originality, his rebuildings were failures, and Munich is a city full of poor imitations of Italian capitals, a regular show place. The king did, however, collect art treasures of value, and attract artists by his patronage, till it is believed that there are more sculptors in Munich than beer-sellers.—Every schoolboy knows something about the Grand Lama of Thibet, and everybody will be interested in knowing further that the Grand Lama ship will expire with this generation, the present Grand Lama, a boy, being the thirteenth, after which there are to be no more trans-migrations. It is a curious fact that all the four Lamaships, or sovereignties held by a religious tenure, now existing in the world, are in trouble of one kind or another. The Khalif is staving off bankruptcy by loans from week to week, the Pope is hemmed in by secular enemies, the Mikado is under arrest by his nobles, and the Grand Lama is the last of his race. The reverence for that kind of thing, i. e., for the visible representation on earth of the Supreme government, seems to be dying out everywhere.—The *London Spectator* has the following terse criticism on Mr. David N. Lord's "Visions of Paradise": "An epic in twelve books without a subject and without an incident is too much for either human or critical endurance. Mr. Lord is his own publisher: we fear he will be his own public."—Accounts from Zanzibar, dated the 10th of November, confirm the impression that Dr. Livingstone is not dead, or at least that he did not perish at the time and place, and in the manner so circumstantially detailed.—The belief expressed by some geologists that naphtha would be found in the Caucasus has been realized. A boring, 276 feet deep, near Ku-aaco, has struck a source of this liquid, which yielded 1,500 barrels daily for one month; more recently a second source has been discovered near the former, from which the naphtha jets to a height of forty feet, at the rate of 6,000 barrels daily.—The foreign papers are making merry over Mr. Seward's letter to the President regarding the misunderstanding of the latter with Gen. Grant. They say the Secretary's testimony wanders vaguely round the point, grafting circumlocution on circumlocution, qualification on qualification, and ending by explaining chiefly what Mr. Seward did not suppose—a very inexhaustible subject. For instance, to take a brief specimen:—"I did not understand General Grant as denying, nor as explicitly admitting these statements in the form and full extent to which you made them. His admission of them was rather indirect and circumstantial, though I did not understand it to be an evasive one." Did forty-five words ever succeed in coasting a subject with a more successfully averted glance?—

Curved is the line of beauty,  
Straight is the line of duty;  
Walk by the last, and thou wilt see  
The other ever follow thee.

—Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, retorts very fairly on the ex-rebels, who are howling so terribly about negro supremacy, etc. He says: "Negro testimony, negro suffrage, and negro elevation generally, are the result of the Rebellion brought on by the slaveholders themselves. The ghost of Slavery haunts these practical Abolitionists—Southern Rebels—at every step in the successive stages of the negro's advancement to the rights of manhood. Upon nothing are they more sensitive than to see this African Mordecai sitting in the king's gate."—Dodger is a word that we should have thought was not very old in English; yet here it is in 1611: "*Tergiversateur*: a flincher, shrinker, starter, halter, dodger, pautlerer." Cotgrave, the old dictionary-maker, had not a good opinion of the word, for he puts it in bad company under another heading: "*Cagueraffe*: m. A base micher, scurvis hagler, lowlie dodger."

THE *London Saturday Review*, commenting on American affairs, observes, *apropos* of the present struggle between the Legislative and Executive power now going on in Washington:

"The great increase of the power of Congress may perhaps be legitimate and necessary, for it is impossible to regulate the whole government of a great country for ever by the terms of any written document."

Of the Reconstruction Acts, it says:

"The repeated necessity for patching and darning them proceeds in part from legislative carelessness, but in the main it must be attributed to the inherent difficulty of a novel and paradoxical task."

And as regards our financial tinkering, it adds:

"The uncertainty which attaches to the American character for integrity is indicated by the price of securities which may be bought to pay an interest of between eight and nine per cent., while English



and, like all strangers, he went out to take a stroll along the Boulevards.

He had reached that of Montmartre as the thought, chronicle above, occurred to him.

It could scarce have been suggested by anything he there saw. Passing and meeting him were the Parisian people—citizens of a free Republic, with a President of their own choice. The bluff bourgeois, with sa femme linked on his left arm, and sa fille, perhaps a pretty child, hand-led, on his right. Behind him it might be a brace of gayly dressed grisettes, close followed by a couple of the young dorés, exchanging stealthy glances or bold repartee.

Here and there a party of students, released from the studies of the day, a group of promenaders of both sexes, ladies and gentlemen, who had sallied out to enjoy the fine weather and the walk upon the broad smooth *bandelette* of the Boulevard, all chatting in tranquil strain, unsuspecting of danger, as if they had been sauntering along a rural road, or the strand of some quiet watering-place.

A sky over them serene as that which may have canopied the garden of Eden: an atmosphere around so mild that the doors of the cafés had been thrown open, and inside could be seen the true Parisian *flâneur*—artist or author—seated by the marble-topped table, sipping his *eau sucrée*, slipping the spare sugar lumps into his pocket for home use in his six francs-a-week garret, and dividing his admiration between the patent-leather shoes on his feet and the silken-dressed damsels who passed and repassed along the flagged pavement in front.

It was not from observation of these Parisian peculiarities that Maynard had been led to make the remark we have recorded. But from a scene to which he had been witness on the preceding night.

Straying through the Palais Royal, then called "National," he had entered the Café de Mil Colonne, the noted resort of the Algerine officers. With the recklessness of one who seeks adventure for its own sake, and who has been accustomed to having it without stint, he soon found himself amidst men unaccustomed to introductions. Paying freely for their drinks—to which, truth compels me to say, as far as in their purses they corresponded—he was soon clinking cups with them, and listening to their sentiments. He could not help remarking the recurrence of that toast that has since brought humiliation to France:

"Vive l'Empereur!"

At least a dozen times was it drunk during the evening—each time with an enthusiasm that sounded ominous in the ears of the republican soldier. There was a unanimity too that rendered it the more impressive. He knew that the French President was aiming at Empire; but up to that hour he could not believe in the possibility of his achieving it.

As he drank with the Chasseurs-d'Afrique in the Café de Mil Colonne, he saw it was not only possible but proximate; and that ere long Louis Napoleon would either wrap his shoulders in the Imperial purple or in a shroud.

The thought stung him to the quick. Even in that company he could not conceal his chagrin. He gave expression to it in a phrase, half in soliloquy, half meant for the ear of a man who appeared the most moderate among the enthusiasts around him.

"Pauvre France!" was the reflection.

"Pauvre France!" cried a fierce-looking but diminutive sous-lieutenant of Zouaves, catching up the phrase, and turning toward the man who had given utterance to it.

"Pauvre France! Pourquoi, monsieur?"

"I pity France," said Maynard, "if you intend making an Empire of it."

"What's that to you?" angrily rejoined the Zouave lieutenant, whose beard and moustache, meeting over his mouth, gave a hissing utterance to his speech. "What does it concern you, monsieur?"

"Not so fast, Viroc!" interposed the officer to whom Maynard had more particularly addressed himself. "This gentleman is a soldier like ourselves. But he is an American, and of course believes in the Republic. We have all our political inclinations. That's no reason why we should not be friends socially—as we are here!"

Viroc, after making a survey of Maynard, who did not quail before his scrutiny, seemed contented with the explanation. At all events he satisfied his wounded patriotism by once more turning to the clique of his comrades, tossing his glass on high, and once more vociferating "Vive l'Empereur!"

It was the remembrance of this scene of last night that led Maynard to reflect, when passing along the Boulevard, there was mischief in the atmosphere of Paris.

He became more convinced of it as he walked on toward the Boulevard de Bastille. There the stream of promenaders showed groups of a different aspect: for he had gone beyond the point where the genteel bourgeoisie takes its turn; where patent leather boots and *eau sucrée* give place to a coarser *chassure*, and stronger beverage. Blouses were intermingled with the throng, while the *casernes* on both sides of the street were filled with soldiers, drinking without stint, and what seemed stranger still, with their officers along with them!

With all his republican experience—even in the campaign of Mexico—even under the exigencies of the relaxed discipline brought about by the proximity of death upon the battle-field, the revolutionary leader could not help astonishment at this. He was still more surprised to see the French people—along the street—even the blouses submitting to repeated insults put upon them by those things in uniform—the former stout stalwart fellows—the latter, most of them, diminutive ruffians—despite their big breeches and swaggering gait, looking more like monkeys than men!

From such a scene, back toward Montmartre he turned with disgust.

While retracing his steps, he reflected:

"If the French people allow themselves to be bullied by such *barbares* as these, it's no business of mine. They don't deserve to be free."

He was on the Boulevard des Italiens as he made this reflection, heading on for the widening way of the Rue de la Paix. He had already noticed a change in the aspect of the promenaders.

Troops were passing along the pavement; and taking station at the corners of the streets. Detachments occupied the *casernes* and *cafés*, not in serious, soldier-like sobriety, but calling imperiously for refreshments, and drinking without thought or pretense of payment. The barkeeper refusing them was threatened with a blow, or the thrust of a sabre!

The promenaders on the pave were rudely accosted. Some of them pushed aside by half-intoxicated squads, that passed them on the double-quick, as if bent on some exigent duty.

Seeing this, some parties had taken to the side streets to regain their houses. Others supposing it only a soldierly freak—the return from a Presidential review—were disposed to take it in good part; and thinking the thing would soon be over, still stayed upon the Boulevard.

Maynard was among those who remained. Interrupted by the passing of a company of Zouaves, he had taken stand upon the steps of a house, near the *embouchure* of the Rue de Vivienne. With a soldier's eye he was scrutinizing these military vagabonds, supposed to be of Arab race, but whom he knew to be the scourges of the Parisian streets, disguised under the turbans of Mohammed. He did not think in after years such types of military would be imitated in the land he had left behind, with full pride in its chivalry.

He saw that they were already half intoxicated, staggering after their leader in careless file, little regarding the commands called back to them. Out of the ranks they were dropping off, in twos and threes, entering the *cafés*, or accosting whatever citizen chanced to challenge their attention.

In the doorway where Maynard had drawn up, a young girl had also taken refuge. She was a pretty creature and somewhat elegantly dressed; withal of modest appearance. She may have been "grisette," or "cocotte." It mattered not to Maynard, who had not been regarding her.

But her fair proportions had caught the eye of one of the passing Zouaves; who parting from the ranks of his comrades, rushed up the steps and insisted upon kissing her!

The girl appealed to Maynard, who, without giving an instant to reflection, seized the Zouave by the collar, and with a kick sent him staggering from the steps.

A shout of "Secours!" traversed along the line, and the whole troop halted, as if surprised by a sudden assault of Arabs. The officer leading them came running back, and stood confronting the stranger.

"Sacré!" he cried. "It's you, monsieur! you who go against the Empire!"

Maynard recognized the ruffian, who on the night before had disputed with him in the Café de Mil Colonne.

"Bon!" cried Viroc, before Maynard could make either protest or reply. "Lay hold upon him, comrades! Take him back to the guard-house in the Champs Elysees. You'll repent your interference, monsieur, in a country that calls for the Empire and order. Vive l'Empereur!"

Half a dozen crimson-breathed ruffians springing from the ranks threw themselves around Maynard, and commenced dragging him along the Boulevard.

It required this number to conquer and carry him away.

At the corner of the Rue de la Paix a strange tableau was presented to his eyes. Three ladies, accompanied by three gentlemen, were spectators of his humiliation. Promenading upon the pavement, they had drawn up on one side to give passage to the soldiers who had him in charge.

Notwithstanding the haste in which he was carried past them, he saw who they were: Mrs. Girdwood and her girls—Richard Swinton; Louis Lucas and his acolyte, attending upon them!

There was no time to think of them, or why they were there. Dragged along by the Zouaves, occasionally cursed and cuffed by them, absorbed in his own wild rage, Maynard only occupied himself with thoughts of vengeance. It was to him an hour of agony—the agony of an impotent anger!

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—A NATION'S MURDER.

"Ma Gawd!" exclaimed Swinton. "It's that fellow, Maynard! You remember him, ladies? The fellow who, at Newport, went away, after grossly insulting me, without giving me the opportunity of obtaining the satisfaction of a gentleman?"

"Come, come, Mr. Swinton!" said Lucas, interposing. "I don't wish to contradict you; but you'll excuse me for saying that he didn't exactly run away. I think I ought to know."

The animus of Lucas's speech is easily explained. He had grown deadly hostile to Swinton. And no wonder. After pursuing the Fifth Avenue heiress all through the Continental tour, and as he supposed with fair prospect of success, he was once more in danger of being outdone by his English rival, freshly returned to the field.

"My dear Mr. Lucas," responded Swinton, "that's all very true. The fellow, as you say, wrote me a letter, which did not reach me in proper time. But that was no reason why he should have stolen away and left no address for me to find him!"

"He didn't steal away," quietly rejoined Lucas. "Well," said Swinton, "I won't argue the question. Not with you, my dear friend, at all events."

"What did it mean?" interposed Mrs. Girdwood, catching the ill feeling between the suitors of Maynard, and with the design of turning it off. "Why have they arrested him? Can any one tell?"

"Perhaps he has committed some crime?" suggested Swinton.

"That's not likely, sir," sharply asserted Cornelia.

"Aw—aw. Well, Miss Inskip, I may be wrong in calling it crime. It's a question of *fraseology*; but I've been told that this Mr. Maynard is one of those wed republicans who would destroy society, religion, in short, everything. No doubt, he has been meddling here in France, and that's the cause of his being a prisoner. At least I suppose so."

Julia had as yet said nothing. She was gazing after the arrested man, who had ceased struggling against his captors, and was being hurried off out of sight.

In the mind of the proud girl there was a thought, Maynard might have felt proud of in-

spiring. In that moment of his humiliation he knew not that the most beautiful woman on the Boulevard had him in her heart with a deep interest, and a sympathy for his misfortune—what-ever it might be.

"Can nothing be done, mamma?"

"For what, Julia?"

"For him!" and she pointed after Maynard.

"Certainly not, my child. Not by us. It is no affair of ours. He has got himself into some trouble with the soldiers. Perhaps, as Mr. Swinton says, political. Let him get out of it as he can. I suppose he has his friends. Whether or not, we can do nothing for him. Not even if we tried. How could we—strangers like us?"

"Our Minister, mamma. You remember Captain Maynard has fought under the American flag. He would be entitled to its protection. Shall we go to the Embassy?"

"We'll do nothing of the kind, silly girl. I tell you it's no affair of ours. We shan't make or meddle with it. Come! let us return to the hotel. These soldiers seem to be behaving strangely. We'd better get out of their way. Look yonder! There are fresh troops of them pouring into the streets, and talking angrily to the people!"

It was as Mrs. Girdwood had said. From the side streets armed bands were issuing, one after the other; while along the open boulevard came rolling artillery carriages, followed by their caissons, the horses urged to furious speed by drivers who appeared drunk!

Here and there one dropped off, throwing itself into battery and unlimbering as if for action. Before, or alongside them, galloped squadrons of cavalry, lancers, cuirassiers, and conspicuously the Chasseurs-d'Afrique—fit tools selected for the task that was before them.

All wore an air of angry excitement as men under the influence of spirits taken to prepare them for some sanguinary purpose. It was proclaimed by a string of watchwords passing occasionally between them, "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'armée! A bas ces canailles de députés et philosophes!"

Each moment the turmoil increased, the crowd also augmenting from streams pouring in by the side streets. Citizens became mingled with the soldiery, and here and there could be heard angry shouts and speeches of remonstrance.

All at once, and as if by a preconcerted signal, came the crisis.

It was preconcerted, and by a signal only entrusted to the leaders.

A shot fired in the direction of the Madeleine from a gun of largest calibre, boomed along the Boulevards, and went reverberating over all Paris. It was distinctly heard in the distant Bastille, where the sham barricades had been thrown up, and the sham-barricadees were listening for it. It was quickly followed by another, heard in like manner. Answering to it rose the shout, "Vive la République—Rouge et Démocratique!"

But it was not heard for long. Almost instantaneously was it drowned by the roar of cannon, and the rattling of musketry, mingled with the imprecations of ruffians in uniform rushing along the street.

The fusillade commencing at the Bastille did not long stay there. It was not intended that it should; nor was it to be confined to the *sans culottes* and *ouvriers*. Like a stream of fire—the ignited train of a mine—it swept along the Boulevards, blazing and crackling as it went, striking down before it man and woman, blouse and bourgeois, student and shopkeeper, in short all who had gone forth for a promenade on that awful afternoon. The sober husband with wife on one arm and child on the other, the gay grisette with her student protector, the unsuspicious stranger, lady or gentleman, were alike prostrated under that leaden shower of death. People rushed screaming toward the doorways, or attempted to escape through side streets. But here too they were met by men in uniform, Chasseurs and Zouaves, who with foaming lips and cheeks black from the biting of cartridges, drove them back before sabre and bayonet, impaling them by scores, amidst hoarse shouts and fiendish cackling, as of maniacs let forth to indulge in a wild saturnalia of death!

And it continued till the pave was heaped with dead bodies, and the gutters ran blood; till there was nothing more to kill, and cruelty stayed its stroke for want of a victim!

A dread episode that massed the 2nd of December, striking terror to the heart, not only of Paris, but France.

In fear and trembling it holds it to this hour!

#### THE HIGH COURT OF IMPEACHMENT,

In Session in the U. S. Senate Chamber at Washington, D. C., for the Trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.—Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., of Counsel for the Defense, Reading the Answer to the Articles of Impeachment, on Monday, March 23d, 1868.

For the first time since the creation of our nationality the Chief Magistrate of the Republic has been brought to trial upon charges of high crimes and misdemeanors. Not only in its singularity but in the vast political importance of the event, this trial is fraught with features of intense interest to the public. From the commencement of the proceedings of impeachment in the House of Representatives we have endeavored to give accurate illustrations of the men, the localities and the incidents that are prominently associated with this remarkable judicial movement, and our magnificent engraving, published in this number and representing what may be designated as the opening of the High Court of Impeachment, will be valuable to every household as a national and historical picture.

The Senate Chamber at Washington on the 23d of last March was a centre of attraction to the residents of the seat of government and those sojourning there. That day had been fixed for the reading of the President's answer to the Articles of Impeachment. The weather was propitious, inviting with its spring-time loveliness a general outpouring of the population toward the Capitol. Those who were fortunate enough to secure tickets of admission thronged at an early hour into the galleries of the Senate Chamber. Two-thirds of those present were ladies, and their brilliant and costly toilets brightened a scene that might otherwise, in its significance, have been sombre. On the floor of the Senate Chamber some three hundred people assembled at the appointed hour, composed of the Senators, the members of the House, and others entitled by their official position to be present.

At one o'clock precisely Mr. Wade struck the roll with his gavel, and the Senate was transformed into a High Court of Impeachment. The Chief Justice called the Court to order and the judicial proceedings commenced. It is not our purpose to enter into details that have already been published by the daily jour-

nals. We will simply explain the situation as depicted in our engraving. The motion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, objecting to the legality of the Court on the ground of the non-representation of several of the States, having been put to the vote and lost, Mr. Stanberry, of counsel for the President, arose and said:

"Mr. Chief Justice—In obedience to an order of this honorable Court made at the last session, that the answer of the President should be filed to-day, we have it ready. The Counsel for the President, abandoning all other business, some of us quitting our Courts, our cases, and our clients, have devoted every hour in the consideration of this case. The labor has been incessant. We have devoted, as I say, not only every hour ordinarily devoted to business, but many required for necessary rest and recreation have been consumed in it. It is a matter of regret that the Court did not allow us more time for preparation; nevertheless we hope that the answer will be found in all respects sufficient such as it is. We are now ready to read and file it."

Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., of Counsel for the President, proceeded to read the answer to the Articles of Impeachment, and it is that phase of the trial that is represented in our engraving. The answer, which has probably been read by the intelligent members of our community, is a detailed denial of the several allegations in the Articles of Impeachment, an affirmation of the legality of the official acts of the President upon which the charges are brought, and a general technical defense of the position of the accused. Mr. Curtis read for about half an hour, when he was followed by Mr. Stanberry, who, in turn, was relieved by Mr. Evans.

At the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Boutwell, on the part of the Managers, announced that the replication would be ready for the following day, and after considerable discussion in regard to the question of delay in the proceedings, to allow the President time for the further preparation of his defense, the Court, pending Senator Johnson's motion for a delay of ten days, adjourned to meet at one o'clock the next day.

#### The Managers of the Impeachment.

THE members of the Committee elected by the House of Representatives to manage the Impeachment of President Johnson have charge of a mission so important to the national welfare, that, naturally, the popular gaze is directed toward them with a degree of curiosity and interest rarely excited by individuals in the discharge of official functions. They form, indeed, a conspicuous group upon that stage where the great political drama of the day is being enacted. It is that group, so intimately associated with the present crisis in our national history that we represent in the engraving upon our front page.

The engraving is from a magnificent photograph by Brady & Co., of Washington, who, having succeeded through his indefatigable agent, E. L. Townsend, in inducing the members of the Committee to sit together, have produced a picture that, for fidelity of likeness and strength of expression, is well worthy of their celebrated gallery.

It is not inopportune to allude briefly to the prominent events in the careers of the gentlemen whose portraits we present to the public.

JOHN A. BINGHAM, of Cadiz, Ohio, was born at Mercer, Penn., in 1815; received an academic education; passed two years in a printing office; was a student of Franklin College, Ohio; was admitted to the bar in 1840; was District Attorney for Tucasaw County, Ohio, from 1846 until 1849; was Chairman of the Managers of the House in the Impeachment of Judge Humphreys, impeached of high treason in 1863; was appointed by Mr. Lincoln U. S. District Judge for the Southern District of Florida, which he declined; was appointed Judge Advocate in the Union army in 1864, and later in that year was appointed Solicitor of the Court of Claims; was Special Judge Advocate in the trial of the assassination conspirators in 1865; was elected to the 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th and 39th Congress, and was re-elected to the 40th Congress as a Republican, receiving 13,369 votes against 11,947 votes for Mitchner, Democrat.

THADDEUS STEVENS, of Lancaster, Penn., was born in Caledonia County, Vermont, April 4, 1792; graduated at Dartmouth College, and removed to Pennsylvania in 1814; while teacher in an academy he studied law, and was admitted to the bar; was a member of the State Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1833, 1834, 1835, 1837 and 1841; was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1838; was appointed a Canal Commissioner in 1838; removed to Lancaster, Penn., in 1842; was elected to the 31st, 32d, 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Congress, and was re-elected to the 40th Congress as a Republican, receiving 14,298 votes against 8,675 votes for Reynolds, Democrat.

GEORGE S. BROWN, of Groton, Mass., was born at Brookline, Mass., January 28th, 1813; received a public school education; was engaged in mercantile pursuits previous to 1850, when he studied law and commenced practice; was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1842, '43, '44, '47, '48, '49 and '50; was State Bank Commissioner in 1849 and 1850; was Governor of Massachusetts in 1851, '52; was Secretary of the State Board of Education of Massachusetts for five years; was a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College from 1850 to 1860; was a member of the Peace Congress of 1861; was the first Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1862 and 1863; was elected to the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congress, and re-elected to the Fortieth Congress as a Republican, receiving 9,847 votes against 2,885 votes for Saltonstall, Democrat.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, of Gloucester, Mass., was born at South Deerfield, New Hampshire, November 6, 1813; graduated at Waterville College, Maine; studied law and commenced his practice in Lowell, Mass.; was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1853; was a member of the State Senate of Massachusetts in 1859; entered the Union army in 1861 as Brigadier-General; was soon promoted to the rank of Major-General, and served through the war; was elected to the Fortieth Congress as a Republican, receiving 9,021 votes, against 2,838 votes for Northend, Democrat.

JOHN A. LOGAN, of Carbondale, Illinois, was born in Jackson County, Ill., where he received a common school education, and subsequently graduated at the Louisville University; enlisted as a private in the Illinois Volunteers, and became Quartermaster, in the war with Mexico; was elected Clerk of the Jackson County Court in 1849; studied and practiced law; was elected to the Legislature of Illinois in 1852, '53, '56 and '57; was Prosecuting Attorney from 1853 to 1857; was a Presidential Elector in 1856; was elected to the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congress; resigned, and entered the Union army as Colonel, and reached the rank of Major-General in the late war; was appointed Minister to Mexico in 1865, but declined; and was elected to the Fortieth Congress as a Republican, receiving 203,045 votes, against 147,058 for Dickey, Democrat.

JAMES F. WILSON, of Fairfield, Iowa, was born at Newark, Ohio, October 19th, 1828; received an academic education; studied law and commenced his practice in Iowa; was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Iowa in 1858; was a member of the State Legislature in 1857, '59 and '61; was elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress for the unexpired term of S. R. Curtis; was re-elected to the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congress; and to the Fortieth Congress as a Union Republican, receiving 16,406 votes, against 10,615 votes for Warren, Republican.

THOMAS WILLIAMS, of Allegheny, Penn., was born in Westmoreland County, Penn., August 28, 1806; graduated at Dickinson College, Penn., in 1828; studied and practiced law; was a member of the State Senate of Pennsylvania in 1838, '39, '40, '41, and of the House of Representatives of the same State in 1861, '62; was elected to the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congress; and was re-elected to the Fortieth Congress as a Republican, receiving 14,197 votes, against 10,013 votes for Childs, Democrat.



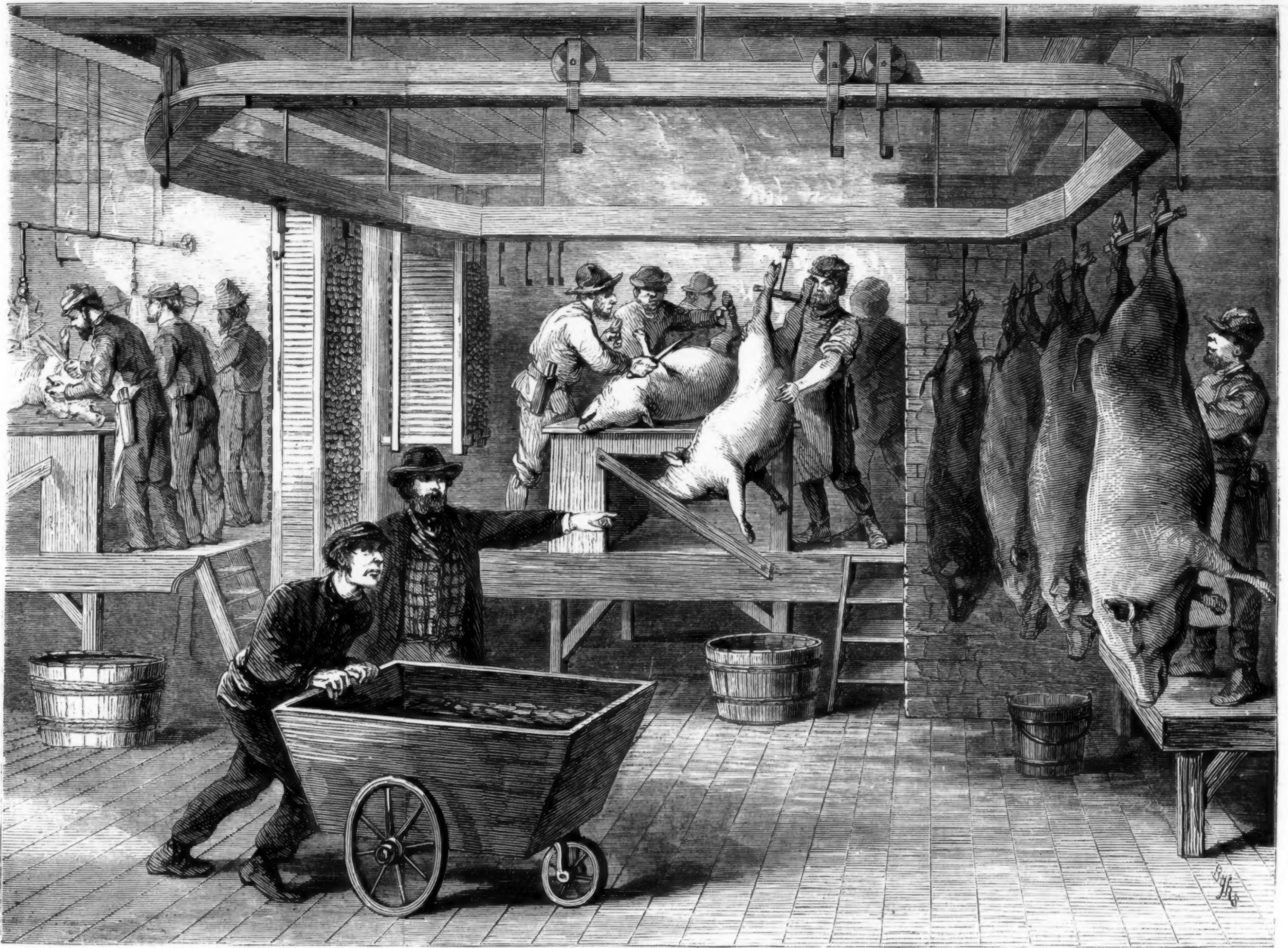


THE "TOAST."—FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY C. D'UNKER, DUSSELDORF.—SEE PAGE 59.

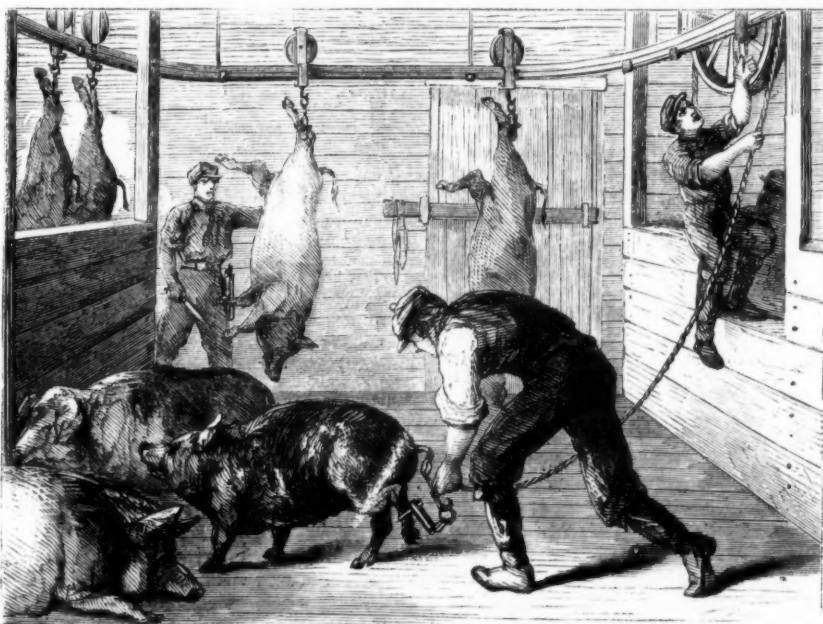


FISHING IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, OPPOSITE MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 59.

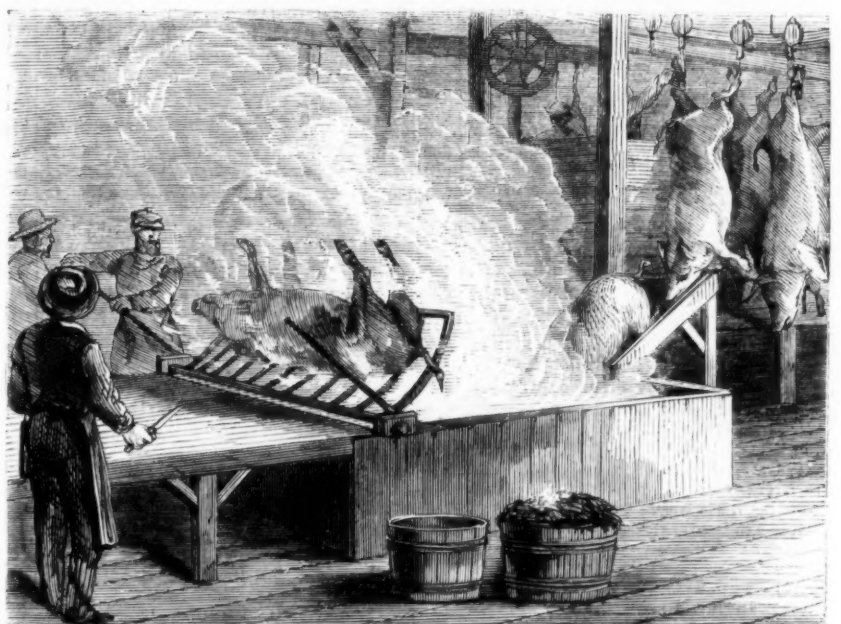




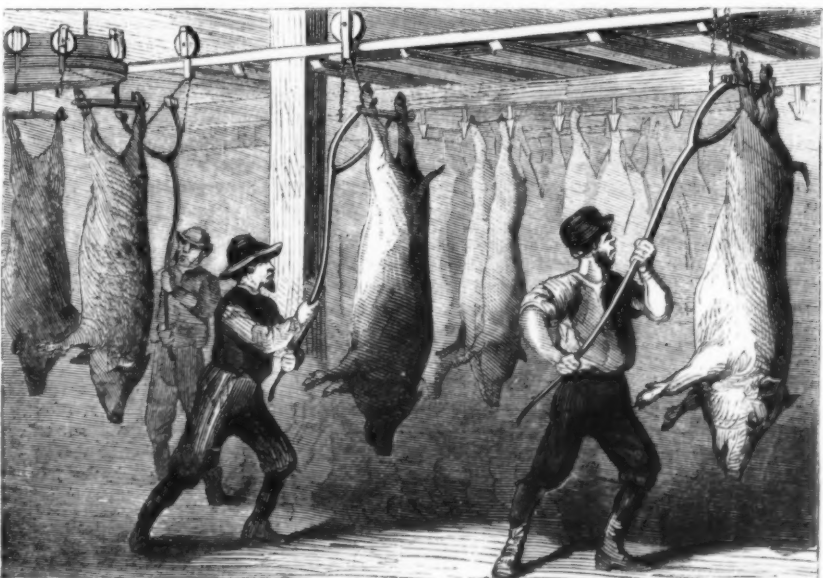
CLEANING AND DRESSING HOGS - THE RAILWAY AT THE ABATTOIR AT COMMUNIPAW, N. J.—SEE PAGE 59.



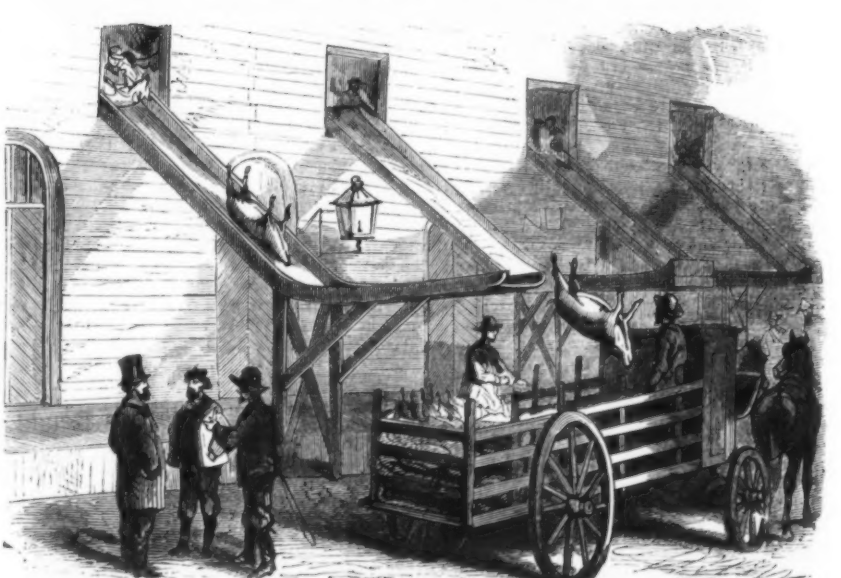
KILLING HOGS AT THE ABATTOIR, COMMUNIPAW, N. J.



SCALDING-TUB AND LIFTING MACHINE.



REMOVING THE HOGS TO DRYING DEPARTMENT.



LOADING FOR MARKET—THE HOG SHOOT.



## APRIL.

APRIL has searched the Winter land,  
And found her petted flowers again;  
She kissed them to unfold their leaves,  
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,  
And filled the grass with green content,  
And made the weeds and clover vain.

Her fairies climb the naked trees,  
And set green caps on every stalk;  
Her primroses peep bashfully  
From borders of the garden walk;  
And in the reddened maple-tops  
Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

She greets the patient evergreens,  
She gets a store of ancient gold,  
Gives tasseled presents to the breeze,  
And teaches rivers songs of old—  
Then shakes the trees with stolen March  
winds,  
And laughs to hear the cuckoo scold.

Sometimes, to fret the sober sun,  
She pulls the clouds across his face;  
But finds a snow-drift in the woods,  
Grows meek again, and prays his grace;  
Waits till the last white wreath is gone,  
And drops arbutus in the place.

Her crocuses and violets  
Give all the world a gay "Good year!"  
Tall irises grow tired of green,  
And get themselves a purple gear;  
And tiny buds that lie asleep  
On hill and field, her summons hear.

She rocks the saucy meadow-cups;  
The sunset's heart anew she dyes;  
She fills the dusk of deepest woods  
With vague sweet sunshine and surprise,  
And wakes the periwinkles up  
To watch her with their wide, blue eyes.

At last she deems her work is done,  
And finds a willow rocking-chair,  
Dons spectacles of apple-buds,  
Kerchief and cap of almonds rare,  
And sits, a very grandmother,  
Shifting her sunshine-needles, there.

And when she sees the deeper suns  
That usher in the happy May,  
She sighs to think her time is past,  
And weeps because she cannot stay,  
And leaves her tears upon the grass,  
And turns her face and glides away.

[In the stories of Count Ponson du Tirail there is a peculiar element of romance and dramatic interest, that has given him an extraordinary popularity as a sensation writer, even in Paris, where an author of that description has no easy task to keep in advance of the many competitors in the field. The *Petit Journal*, of Paris, in which the serials of Ponson du Tirail are published, can boast a larger circulation than any journal in the world, and owes much of its success to the pen of the high-born novelist, one of whose stories we commence in this number.]

## Story of a Hunting Knife.

BY COUNT PONSON DU TIRAIL.

## CHAPTER I.

In 1787 my grandfather was an officer in the Royal Guards. The guards were alternately six months on leave and six months on duty. The regiment was composed of six companies, three of which were consequently always on furlough. When relieved from duty, most of the guardsmen visited their homes, and as there were few public conveyances in those days, those that dwelt in the distant provinces made the journey on horseback, purchasing a strong-limbed traveling horse, that, on their return to Paris, they disposed of, and procured a remount at the stables of the royal cavalry.

Now, in the month of October, 1787, my grandfather was traveling in this way on the road from Paris to Lyons, returning to his family with a regular furlough, signed Beaveau and Montbarry, the signatures of the captain of his company and of the minister of war.

The day before he had passed through the little Burgundian town of Auxerre, and was proceeding toward Clamecy after a night's rest at a village called Courson.

One league from Courson, his horse cast a shoe; he was compelled for that day to change the programme of his march, and concluded to stop at the first hamlet on the route.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, after having passed through a large forest, he perceived, in the depths of a glen, crowned with lofty trees, a chateau and a village.

The manor-house and village bore the name of Fouronne.

The village numbered a hundred hearthstones at the most; the manor-house was rather a fine habitation, the residence of a nobleman of ripe age, the Viscount de Mailly, who dwelt there in absolute seclusion and in perfect isolation.

For ten years the viscount had never passed beyond the hedge that enclosed his park, nor had crossed the threshold of any of his neighbors.

The viscount had a very beautiful wife and no children. His wife was as much a recluse as himself, and the servants at the chateau, when questioned, answered that their master was always sombre, and that their mistress wept very often, without that any one could divine the cause of her tears.

However, the viscount was hospitable; when a stranger, belated or lost in the woods, knocked at the door of the manor-house, he was received with an earnest courtesy. The stranger remained at the chateau as long as he chose, the viscount assumed to be delighted with his company, and occupied himself every day in properly doing the honors of the establishment; but if the stranger

ventured to question the viscount about his neighbors, or expressed astonishment at never seeing a visitor from the surrounding country stop at the gate of the manor-house, then the chatelain became grave, melancholy and ill-humored.

Fouronne, like most of the villages of France before the Revolution, was destitute of any kind of hostelry, and possessed barely a wine-shop where the peasants came to get drunk on Sunday.

Therefore the traveler was spared the embarrassment of making a choice, and he was under the necessity of applying at the door of the chateau if he wished to obtain habitable quarters.

That was just what my grandfather did.

A park, of considerable dimensions, but uncultivated and of wild aspect, extended around the chateau, which was seen at the end of an avenue of linden and chestnut trees. At the entrance to this park there was a paled gate, to which hung a chain that connected with a bell on the roof of the chateau.

The clanging of this bell when the chain was agitated was dismal; it seemed as if awakening echoes that slept and inmates long since dead.

An old servant, taciturn and gloomy, who resembled an aged dog that perpetually gnaws and defends a bone, came at the summons of strangers and asked with cold politeness the object of their visit.

"My good man," said my grandfather, "does your master, who, by the way I have not the honor of knowing, give hospitality to a gentleman whose horse is lame and who can find no hostelry upon his road?"

"Are you a stranger in these parts, sir?"

"I come from Paris; I am a Body Guardsman."

"If monsieur will follow me," replied the servant with a bow, "the Viscount de Mailly, my master, will be very glad to welcome you."

And the servant opened the gate and the guardsman entered without leaving the saddle.

The mysterious manner of the valet, the disordered condition of the park, the gloomy appearance of the chateau seen through trees whose foliage had been thinned by the winds of autumn, all this expressed a sentiment of originality that would have seduced the most matter-of-fact spirit, the most indolent imagination, the nature least inclined to reverie.

My grandfather was young then; he had the adventurous character of the time; he was enchanted with the accident that made him the temporary guest of the Viscount de Mailly.

At the foot of the porch the old serving-man called a stable-boy and committed to his care the traveler's horse, inviting the latter to follow him. They entered a large ill-lighted vestibule, ascended a stairway of stone, of which the steps were worn by the feet of many generations, and they reached the first story, where my grandfather was introduced into a vast apartment, furnished in the style of Louis XIV., decorated with rich and heavy faded hangings and adorned with paintings of considerable value, upon which time had spread a covering of dust.

The deep sadness that this apartment inspired was indescribable.

"I should not be astonished," thought my grandfather, "if the master of this establishment were attired in a winding-sheet."

He had been waiting five minutes, when the door opened, and there entered a man still young, tall, pale as the hero of a romance, and with a countenance expressive more of sadness than of reserve.

He approached his guest, and welcomed him courteously, saying:

"You find me happy, sir, that my humble roof chances to be on your road; permit me to receive you beneath it with the cordiality that two gentlemen reciprocally owe each other, and consider yourself here at home."

My grandfather thanked the viscount for his amiable reception, and the latter resumed:

"Will you permit me to present you to Madame the Viscountess de Mailly?"

They passed into an adjoining apartment that was arranged in the style of a boudoir, the furniture of which, more modern, was altogether as much faded, as gloomy in appearance as that of the parlor they had left.

At the fireside sat a lady of middle-size, slight, delicate, with the hands and feet of a child, light auburn hair and black eyes—a lady so white and pale that her skin had the glassy transparency of wax.

Her lips, a little discolored, were for ever seeking to force a smile through a reverie of pain; her eyes, large and limpid, were fixed in an immovable expression; her motions, of exceedingly graceful suppleness, were as regular as those of an automaton.

She was, at first sight, one of those beings who, in the sentiment of a poet, live entirely within themselves.

The viscount presented his guest; the viscountess arose, courtesied and smiled, then without saying a word resumed her seat at the chimney-corner.

My grandfather then observed on the walls of the boudoir decorations that were singular in the apartment of a woman; for trophies of the chase, composed of hunting-horns, guns, knives, whips and antlers of the stag, were suspended on the four sides of the room.

This discovery seemed to him an excellent pretext for commencing conversation on the subject of the chase.

"Viscount, in coming hither I passed through a superb forest, which doubtless belongs to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if I can judge from the knowing way in which the coverts are traced, I imagine that the wood is well stocked with game."

"Pretty well, sir, the more so as I destroy but little of it."

"But still you hunt sometimes?"

"Never," coldly answered the viscount.

"It is, nevertheless, a passion that it is difficult to renounce," replied my grandfather, earnestly.

"I never experienced that difficulty, for I have never hunted."

A gesture of surprise was the answer of the guardsman, and he involuntarily raised his eyes to the trophies of the chase that decorated the walls of this original who had never hunted.

He thought that then he perceived a cloud passing upon the pale forehead of the viscountess, while M. de Mailly bent his eyebrows, and seemed to wish to change the subject.

"What is going on at Versailles, sir?" he asked, abruptly.

"The only theme is the war in America, which, by-the-way, draws to its close."

The conversation shifted to that ground, and was continued for an hour. Madame de Mailly herself joined in it. The viscountess chatted with intelligence, accompanying each of her phrases with her sad and painful smile, but not once lifting her eyes to her husband or to the trophies of the chase. She had, apparently, received an excellent education, and invariably treated the viscount with a respectful deference, beneath which could be felt that there penetrated something of hate, perhaps even something of disdain.

The major-domo of the chateau, in grand livery, entered to announce that dinner was ready.

My grandfather offered his arm to the viscountess, and they descended to the dining-room.

There, as in the boudoir, the walls were hung with hunting trophies, and upon the table, where an enormous dish of venison was smoking, there had been placed, instead of a carving-knife, a hunting-knife, sheathed in its scabbard.

Here, again, was a notable eccentricity.

The viscount had professed that he was no hunter, and, nevertheless, his guest was assailed by the caresses and gambols of a dozen hounds that entered baying their joy and commenced to lick the hands of the viscountess, who seemed to receive their caresses with repugnance, while from her bosom escaped a sigh.

At the same time, in the courtyard of the chateau, was heard the vigorous winding of a horn, and the viscount calmly remarked to my grandfather:

"Tis my huntsman returning."

"So you have a huntsman?"

"The best in the province."

"And a pack of hounds?"

"The best within ten leagues around."

"Still you never hunt?"

"Never."

"That is curious!"

"Madame de Mailly is passionately fond of the hounds, of the sound of the horn, of guns and of venison," replied the viscount, coldly.

The viscountess cast down her eyes. It seemed to my grandfather that a tear glistened upon her long lashes.

"And you, sir," asked the viscount, "are you fond of hunting?"

"Passionately, sir."

"Would it please you to try my hounds to-morrow?"

"With great pleasure, sir."

"You will see them at work; they are good. My huntsman, they say, is a skillful fellow. All my neighbors envy me the acquisition. I would not be sorry, sir, since chance sends me a hunter, to have Madame de Mailly assist at this hunt; it will procure her, sir, I am sure, most sweet emotions, which I, alas! am incapable of offering her."

My grandfather looked at the viscountess. She was pale as a statue.

"Is it not so, dear love?" he asked, affectionately.

"As you please, my friend," she answered with profound submission.

The first course had just been removed.

"Dear love," resumed the viscount, "as you carve so gracefully, please take charge of that haunch of venison!"

He unsheathed the hunting-knife and handed it to her; the viscountess took it with a hand that trembled, and carved the haunch.

My grandfather, to whom the plate was handed, offered it to the viscount.

"Thank you," replied the latter, "I never eat venison; my aversion to the chase extends even to game."

The viscount was in good spirits, even merry. He touched upon every variety of conversational themes; his wife sought to shake off her sadness and chatted pleasantly with her guest about the last festival at Versailles.

However, upon that current of idle words there was a shadow of dark discouragement, and beneath the affected gaiety was revealed a settled despair.

After dinner they returned to the boudoir, where coffee was served.

Scarcely were they seated when the major-domo who had announced dinner and waited at table, reappeared.

He carried a large silver plate.

Upon this plate was the mysterious hunting-knife; beside the knife was a large signet-ring of a size adapted to the finger of a man. He placed the plate and its contents upon the mantelpiece and retired, to the great astonishment of my grandfather, who remained silent and dared not ask a single question.

The viscountess avoided looking at the plate, as she had avoided looking at the trophies on the walls.

There was something solemn and unnatural in these inexplicable proceedings; those trophies of the chase in the house of a man who pretended to hold venery in detestation; that knife that traveled from the dining-room to the boudoir; that ring placed beside the knife upon that silver dish, and that woman who ill-dissimulated her despair, and who failed to hide her tears with a meaningless smile—all this painfully oppressed the heart

of the traveler that chance had brought to that singular abode.

After dinner the conversation gradually flagged. A sombre influence seemed to reign over the three personages who sat beside the fire in the boudoir, and when the clock on the mantel struck nine o'clock, the guardsman arose and asked permission to retire.

The viscount himself conducted him to his apartment. This room did not partake of the general decayed appearance of the chateau. It was furnished with care, and it was easy to see that it was reserved for the stranger who might happen to seek hospitality.

Upon a side-table were the last numbers of the *Mercur de France* and the *Reveu des Savans*. Several costly paintings hung upon the walls; the esquisse of the Mailly's was sculptured and painted above the chimney.

"This is your bedroom, my dear guest," said the viscount. "You can sleep your fill; you shall be awakened at the proper hour, if you still choose to try my huntsman and my hounds."

"So then—" commenced my grandfather.

"The viscountess will be delighted," interrupted his host.

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly," replied the viscount, with ironical good humor. "She is wild with joy—that dear viscountess—when she hears the winding of the horn; a view halloo is for her a festival, and she would have given all the world to have had me a hunter."

And with these words the viscount bowed and left the room.

My grandfather went to bed in a very pensive mood.

"Beyond a peradventure," thought he, "there is here some dark mystery, perhaps some atrocious vengeance. This woman, who so passionately loves the chase, turns her eyes from every object associated with it, and repels the caresses of the hounds that come to gambol around her. Awhile ago she turned pale on hearing the sound of a horn, and her hand trembled not a little when she took the knife to carve the haunch of venison."

"I did wrong," resumed he, after a few minutes of thoughtfulness—"I did wrong to accept the viscount's proposition. Perhaps I shall innocently make myself the instrument of a new torture for that poor woman, who seems to me to be a victim. If it would only rain to-morrow!"

My grandfather was tired, and fell asleep in the midst of his reflections, and did not wake up until at daybreak the next morning.

Then he heard under his window a noise of voices, of cracking whips, and of baying hounds impatient to be unleashed. The viscount's pack was being brought from the kennel.

A little while after the viscount knocked at the door, and found the guardsman up and dressed.

"Well, my dear guest," said he, "are you ready?"

"As you see, unless, indeed, it is out of rule to hunt in a traveling dress."

"There is no help for it, for I have not a single sportsman's jacket to offer you. Who does not the service must not wear the livery; but, by-the-way, there is, adjoining the boudoir of my lady, a tolerably pretty museum of venery, where you can select a hunting-knife, a whip, and a horn at your convenience."

"I shall then accompany Madame de Mailly?"

"No; but she will be in at the death. They have harbored you a wild boar."

"Superb game!"

"You must recruit your forces for the sport; let us to breakfast; the viscountess waits for us in the dining-room."

The viscountess seemed to my grandfather to be paler and more prostrated than she had been the day before. The transparency of her hands was fearful, and her lips were so colorless that they could scarcely be seen.

"That woman is dying!" thought he. However, she fulfilled her office of hostess with charming grace, and smilingly poured out his stirrup cup; then wished him good success, and accompanied him to the courtyard, where a handsome steed, the best in the viscount's stable, was curvetting.

My grandfather glanced with the eye of a connoisseur at the hounds and horse, and seemed satisfied.

Then he examined the huntsman.

The latter was a stout man, with florid complexion, and rubicund visage, already old and apparently companionable. He was a man that could easily be made to gossip between two bottles of wine of Esorme, or even after a few swallows of brandy while taking a resting spell under the shade of a tree. He was mounted on a little lank horse that one would think would have sunk under the enormous weight of his rider, but whose compact and nervous limbs and fiery eye promised wonders.

The whippers-in were irreproachable in behavior and appearance.

The place of meeting was at a league from the chateau, in the woods that stretch out near the village of Courson.

My grandfather leaped into the saddle, bowed to the viscountess and her husband, and rode out of the courtyard, side by side with the huntsman.

"So you hunt every day?" he said to him.

"Yes, sir."

"And you hunt alone?"

"There's no help for it; my master, the viscount, does not love the chase."

"So that he keeps a pack expressly for you?"

"Oh, good Lord! yes."

"And does he never lend them to his neighbors?"

"Never."

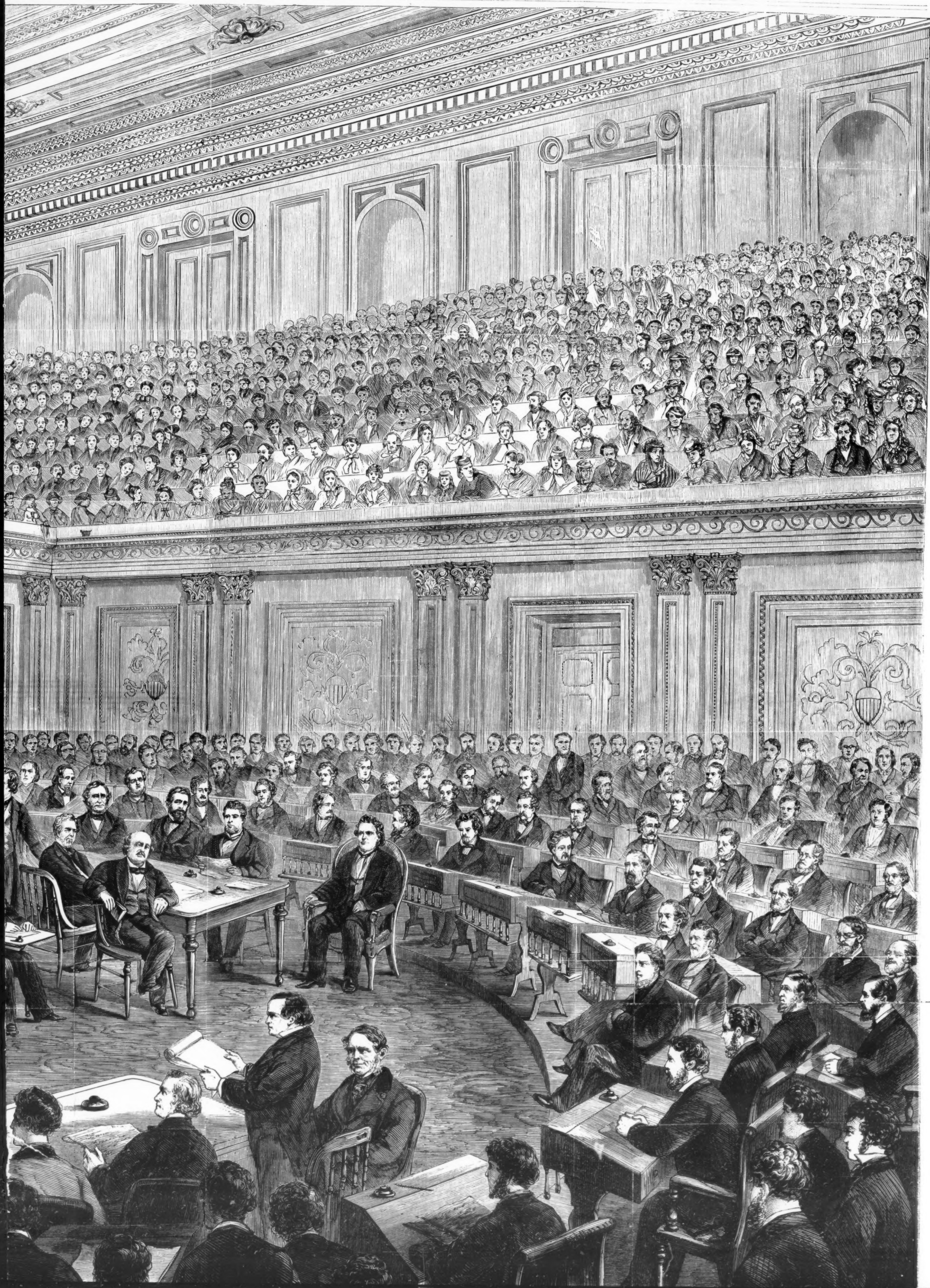
"Confess that your master is somewhat an original."

"Alas! sir," sighed the huntsman, with the tone of a man whose heart is big with secrets.

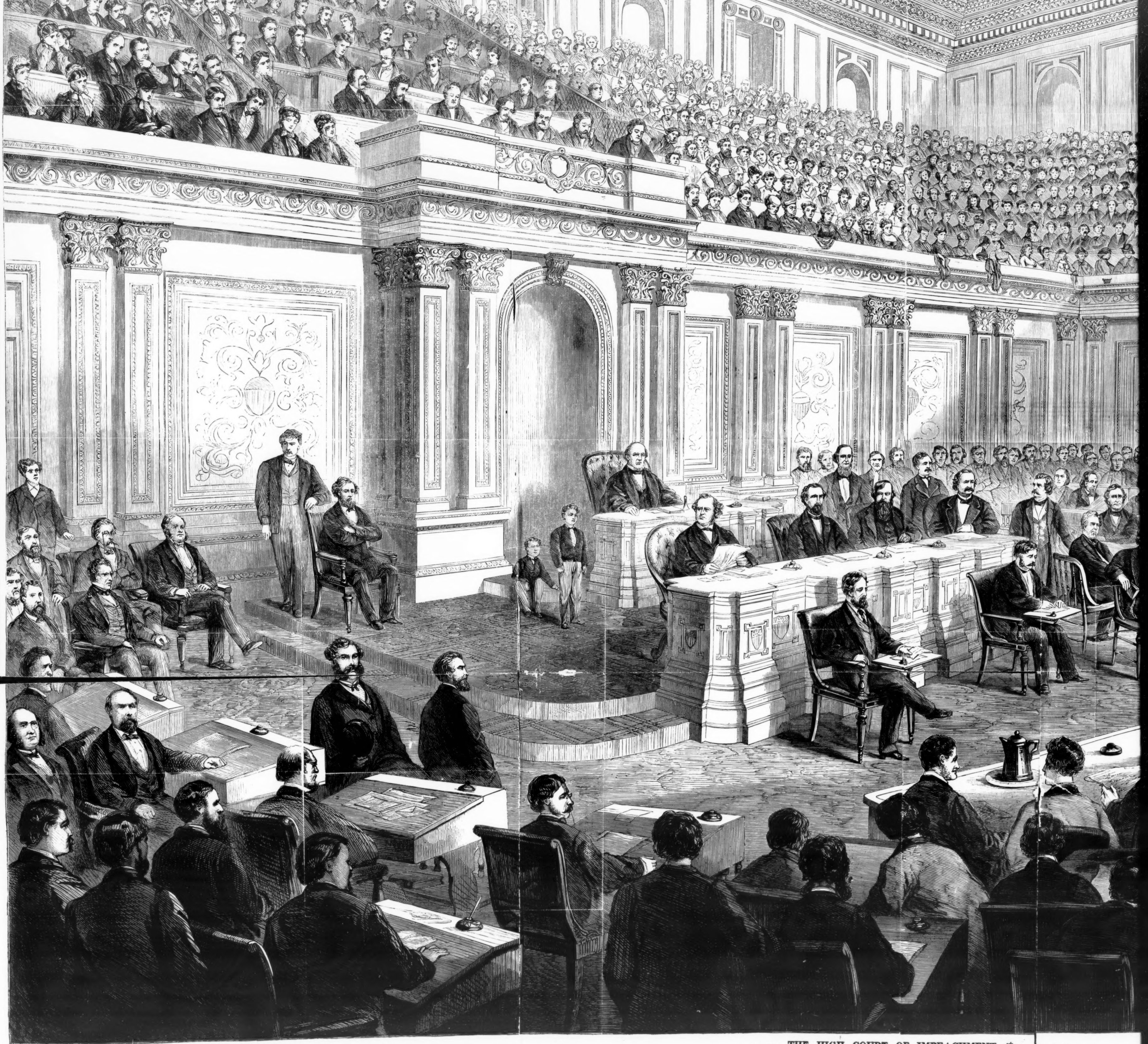






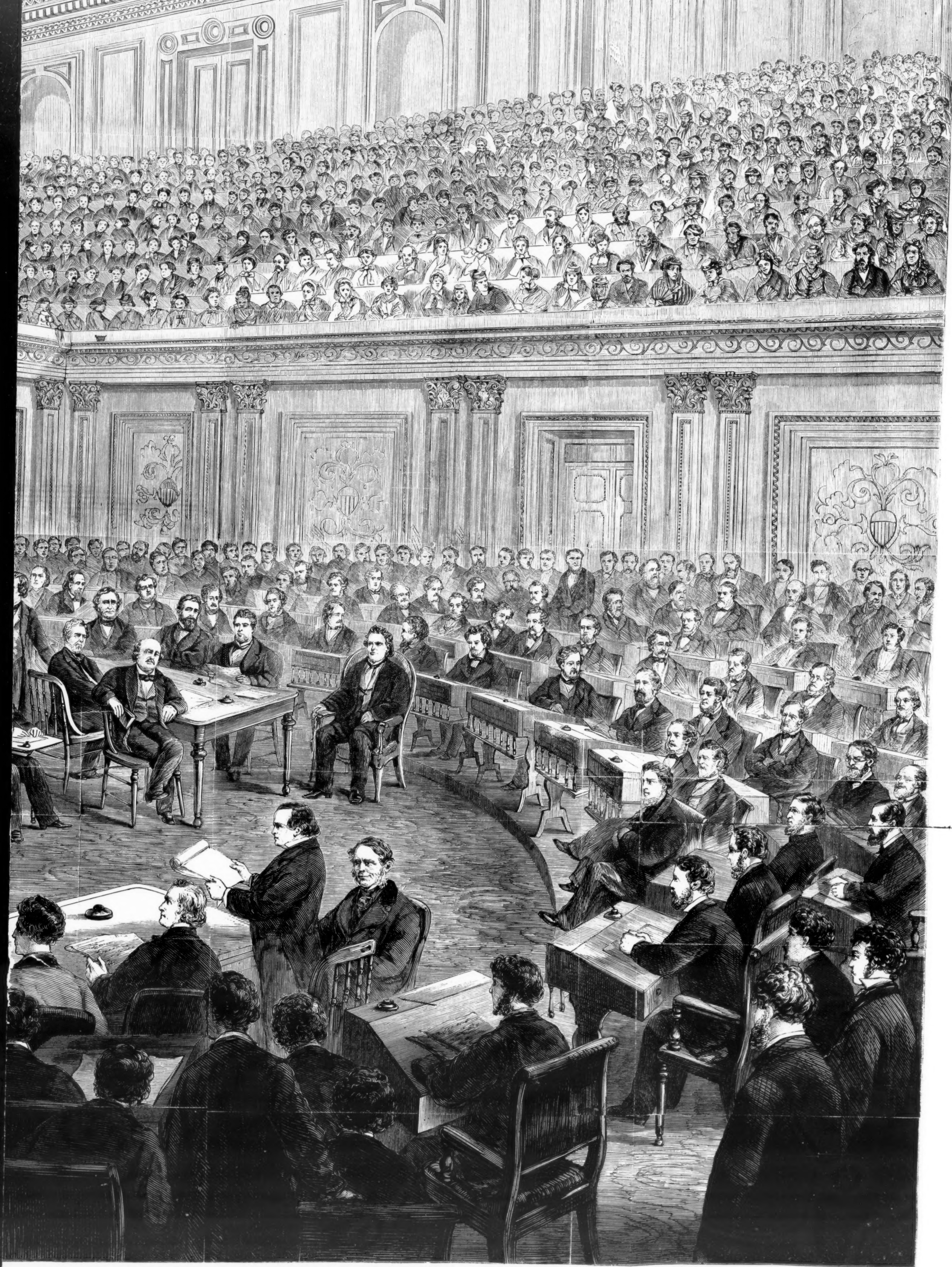






THE HIGH COURT OF IMPEACHMENT, IN SESSION IN THE U. S. SENATE CHAMBER, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., FOR THE TRIAL OF ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, ESQ., OF COUNSEL FOR THE PRESIDENT, READING





PRESIDENT, READING THE ANSWER TO THE ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT, ON MONDAY, MARCH 23d, 1868.—FROM: SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 75.



















and who asks nothing better than to pour them into another's breast."

"How long have you been in his service?"

"Since the viscount left Mally."

"What is Mally?"

"It is a castle perched on a rock six leagues from here, and that overhangs the Yonne, at a place where the river, making a bend, is very deep, and turns so swiftly as to cause a whirlpool. A man falling in there would be lost."

"And the viscount inhabited that castle?"

"Yes, sir; but since he came to live at Four-ome he has never returned to Mally, and the castle is now falling to ruin."

"So he was not contented at Mally?"

"I don't know; he came here suddenly one day, and has not left the place since."

"Not even the park?"

"No, sir. The viscount never passes the threshold of the gate."

"Did your predecessor hunt like you, every day?"

"I had no predecessor. The viscount at Mally had neither hounds nor huntsman. He supplied himself with these since his arrival here. The viscount never hunted at Mally; however, they say that he was sometimes present at the meetings of his friends and neighbors."

"This is more and more strange!" thought my grandfather.

"That is not all," resumed the huntsman, who was naturally communicative; "it seems that the viscount was a very cheerful companion before his marriage."

"Ah! he was then a bachelor at Mally?"

"He was married there; it was a year after his marriage that he came here. His character has much changed since then. I assure you; he goes now whole days without opening his mouth. As to madame, she has always been sad since her marriage. They say that she was in love with a gentleman at Morvan, who since disappeared."

"How so?"

"It was never known. This gentleman was a great hunter. He hunted every day, and when his hounds were tired, or his huntsman sick, he took his gun and went to shoot partridges. One day he started a wild boar. The boar jumped into the Yonne to swim across; the gentleman did the same. It was night. The boar and the gentleman found the horse drowned on the beach, but they did not find the rider."

All these simple reflections of the huntsman began to throw some light upon the mind of his listener, who was anxious to penetrate the mystery that enveloped this story.

"What was the gentleman's name?" asked he.

"The Marquis de Rey; he was a cornet in the regiment of Brittany cavalry."

The name caused my grandfather to start. He had known a Marquis de Rey, who was of about his own age, and who had commenced service in the Gray Musketeers. The marquis had, one day, sent in his resignation to the king, and had gone to Germany to secure, it was said, a considerable inheritance left him by a relative, whose family had been exiled from the soil of France, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The rumor was current at Versailles that, two months afterwards, the marquis was killed in a duel with a Prussian officer.

This version, it will be seen, was entirely discordant with that of the huntsman, which caused my grandfather to doubt a little the identity of the parties. But it was difficult to imagine that there could be two Marquises de Rey inhabiting the same province; for he remembered perfectly well that the one he had known was from Morvan.

While conversing in this manner, the two hunters reached the place where the game was lodged, and the dogs were uncoupled in a tangled thicket which the boar had entered at daybreak, after passing the night, as one of the whippers-in said who had threaded the wood, in a field of oaks.

"My master, the viscount," then said the huntsman, "has had a strange idea, I must confess."

"What is it?"

"He ordered me yesterday to make my arrangements so that the game when turned should make for the park, and be hunted down under the windows of the chateau."

"Is not the park enclosed?"

"On the south side it is separated from the fields only by a hedge in very bad order and broken down in several places."

"In fact," muttered the huntsman pensively, "that was a singular idea."

And he drove his spurs into the flanks of his horse, for the game had been sent and the hounds were in full cry.

I will not describe the details of the chase; content with saying that the viscount had not flattered his hounds and his huntsman in alleging their incontestable merits.

As the huntsman had foreseen, the boar, after a vigorous resistance, arrived panting and exhausted at the park hedge and burst through the enclosure. The dogs followed at a short distance behind, and after the dogs came the huntsman and my grandfather, more curious to know why the viscount wished his wife to hear the death-note sounded than eager to be themselves in at the death.

The boar crossed the park and was brought to bay at the foot of a tree thirty feet from the chateau, beneath a terrace upon which my grandfather could see the viscount and his wife.

The viscountess wore a white dress; that circumstance was singular. Why a white dress in the month of October, in the country, and on a cold and foggy day?

The boar stood fiercely at bay and several of the dogs were wounded; then the huntsman dismounted and advanced a few steps, then he raised his carbine and fired.

The boar, struck beneath the joint of the shoulder, sank down like an inert mass; then there

was heard a cry of anguish, a cry of terror, and my grandfather, lifting his eyes, beheld Madame de Mally fainting in the arms of her husband.

## THE SNOW SHROUD.

"Oh, dear! there is so many to wash!" said little Josie Nash, as she surveyed, with a rueful glance, the long table full of dishes.

About two years before her mother had died, Mrs. Nash was a tender, gentle woman, living only in the happiness of her beloved ones, and she had made the first eight years of her little daughter's life very bright. When she died, the bitterest pang was in the thought of leaving this, her only child, to the tender mercies of a world which is not always disposed to be merciful.

When the hand of death was upon her, she called the little one to her bedside, kissed her long and fervently, brushing back her thick curls with her pale hand, and looking into her eyes with a steadfast gaze of hopeless love and sorrow.

"Oh! she faltered, 'I can give up everything else; but I wish I could take you with me. I cannot bear to leave you in this cold world motherless, my child. Better if you could sleep here on my bosom, and never wake up again! I wish we could be buried together.'"

Mr. Nash was a kind-hearted man. His sympathies were quick, rather than deep; perhaps this was the reason why he had never understood the woman who for ten years had been his wife.

Her nature was very different; her feelings lay deep buried in her woman's heart. Sometimes, like diamonds in the winding ways of a gloomy mine, they would flash out for a moment, giving the beholder a sudden, startling glimpse of the richness hidden within. Her love was like the course of a subterranean stream, which you could only trace by the sweet fragrance of the flowers—the rich verdure of the grass above it.

Her husband saw things from a different point, therefore her words seemed incomprehensible. He had been sitting at his dying wife's bedside, his face buried upon his hands, and the tears trickling through his fingers; but he raised his head now, and said:

"I don't like to hear you say that, Sarah; if you must die, it isn't right to wish the child dead. I want something left for me after you are gone. I shall love her better than anything else in the world."

A faint, sad smile crossed the dying woman's face. She knew her husband better than he knew himself.

"You will be comforted," she murmured, in her low tones; but she did not remove her steady, questioning, sorrowful gaze from her child's face. She died, with her hands twined in the girl's thick curls.

Mr. Nash was loud in his lamenting over the dead, but Josie was very quiet.

No one ever saw her weep, and some persons even remarked it was strange the child did not seem to care more about her mother; but there were others, shrewd observers, who noticed that for months afterward a smile never crossed her face; that she scarcely tasted food, and grew so thin and pale, one might almost have thought that her dead mother's last kisses had drawn half the life from her childish veins.

For a while Mr. Nash seemed absorbed in his child and his grief; but as time passed on his wife's words came true. He was comforted. He needed a housekeeper sadly.

The sister who had come to him when his wife died could remain no longer. He must procure some one to take her place. It was with this view he first called upon the widow Bennett.

But she was not willing, she told him, to leave her own home to become his housekeeper; and it ended in his seeking her to become his wife, and bring her own three children with her.

She was a dominant, artful—some said a hard—woman, very different from the first Mrs. Nash.

Little Josie's life under this new rule seemed more weary and desolate than ever, though, so long as her father lived, she was secure from positive ill-treatment. There was not wanting those who whispered that Adam Bennett's uxorious widow did not make Mr. Nash's life a very happy one.

He certainly did seem to grow old very fast. Be that as it might, he was under his wife's full control; and they had not been long married before he made his will, bequeathing to her all his property.

She had managed well in securing this hold in good season, for she had not been Mrs. Nash quite a year, when Mr. Nash fell a victim to fever and was laid in peace by his gentle first wife's side.

Mrs. Nash kept Josie with her of course. She had too high a regard for public opinion to do otherwise; but she made the orphan pay many times over, in hard toil, for her morsel of food and her bed in the attic. Was an errand to be done, Josie was summoned. Josie made the beds; Josie cleaned the knives; Josie washed the dishes; and then at night Josie sobbed herself to sleep in her comfortless attic, with a prayer that she might die before morning and go to her mother; but this part of the story no one knew but One above.

She had passed a weary Christmas—for this was the third Christmas Day since her mother died. The first one she now pressed heavily on a new-made grave, and covered up the inscription on a white tombstone: "Sarah N. Nash, wife of Stephen Nash, aged 31." The second Christmas, but a few weeks after her father brought his wife home; and on this, the third, he, too, was gone, and his child was alone on the desolate earth.

Josie had worked all day. She was very tired; but now she must clear off the long table which had groined under a weight of good cheer, around which Mrs. Nash had gathered her relations.

Josie must not go to bed till the last dish was washed. She knew that. She got a high chair and set it before the closed door leading into the parlor, then climbing up on it, she looked through the glass over the door into the cheerful room.

Oh, how warm and bright it was! Her step-mother sat with her friends before the fire; her gayly-dressed children were gathered round her; there was warmth, and light, and mirth for the living; but there was no one to speak a loving word to her.

She came back and looked again at the table; she sighed, and said once more, in her slow, sad voice:

"Oh, dear! there are so many."

That was all. Then she began her task, and did not pause until it was done. The last dish was put away, and the tables pushed back against the wall.

It was only nine o'clock, but she did not go into the parlor. They had nothing for her, she had climbed wearily up-stairs to bed. Soon sleep closed her eyelids, and brought with it dreams. At first they were pleasant ones. Her mother seemed with her again, and life was bright and hopeful; but even in her sleep trouble followed after the joy.

She lived over again her wrongs, her oppression, her long sorrows; then a voice seemed to speak to her, it roused her from her slumber. She thought it was her mother's tones, they seemed calling her to the churchyard; they told her that the heart underneath the grave-sod was troubled; if she went there, she thought, her mother could hear her moan—her mother, who mothered calling her to her bosom:

"Come, come, come!" called the far-off voice. The child started up wildly. She arose from her bed, hurrying noiselessly down-stairs, and she opened the outside door just as the clock struck the hour of twelve. The house was still; no one heard the light footsteps. She closed the door behind her, and hurried onward. The wind swept through and through her thin night-dress, the hard earth cut her bare tender feet, but she was insensible to cold or pain.

Nevertheless, still going onward, only one thought was in her bosom—her mother had called, she was going to her. Across the fields she sped, through the churchyard gate, on to those two graves beneath the willows; on, until she pressed her fevered brow upon the bare sod above her mother's heart, and then the merciful snow began to fall. It covered up the letters on the head-stones, which the poor child had been tracing blindly with her fingers. It folded over the two graves its mantle of peace; it lay like a snowy veil over that young victim's brow; it clothed like a garment her shivering limbs; it was more merciful to her than the world, but she heeded not its ministry.

All her sorrows were looked, save one. She listened eagerly, breathlessly, wildly. She listened for her mother's voice. Oh! was it fancy? Out of that grave sweet, low tones seemed to arise. She thought it may have been only the snow flakes. But still she thought a soft hand rested upon her hair; she felt a spirit-kiss upon her forehead.

She lay upon the cold, bare earth no longer. Her head was lifted to a soft, loving bosom. She had found rest at last, and she murmured, as she had so many times done at her mother's knee:

"God keep little Josie, and take her to heaven when she dies."

And gently, gently fell the snow over the two graves—over the sleeping child. They called in vain to little Josie in the morning. She was not in the kitchen, she was not in the yard, she was not in her little bed in the attic. The clothes she had worn the day before hung across the foot of her bed. Her shawl and bonnet hung in the passage, but where was Josie?

Al! hurrying feet of Mrs. Nash. What strange terror, what late awakening instinct leads you across the fields into the churchyard? Your face is white, my lady, but you shall see something there whiter still.

Ay, kneel now. Let those hardy hearts have free course, they will not melt the shroud of snow off that dead child's face. Your voice cannot awaken her, be its tones ever so tender now. The sun may rise, and care, and sorrow, and toil go on weaving the web of life as before. She shall toll no more. The weary hands are folded. They can be idle a while now. The aching feet shall find rest.

The Abattoirs at Communipaw, near Jersey City, N. J.

SHORTLY after the formal opening of the model abattoirs or slaughter-houses at Communipaw, N. J., we gave a series of illustrations, in which the location and admirable arrangement of the buildings, and the new mode of slaughtering beefs, were presented to the public with an accuracy which must have impressed them favorably with the enterprise. Any one who has witnessed the slaughtering of animals in our small butcher-shops could not fail noticing that more brutality was used upon the creatures than was necessary to secure death. According to methods which were formerly general in their application, and now are by no means exceptions to the practice, beefs were killed with heavy hammers, the butcher pegging away upon their heads until insensibility ensued; and sleep and hogs were either pounded to death or sawed across the throat until their heads were nearly severed from their bodies. When the bodies were shipped for market, much difficulty was found in effecting a ready sale, on account of their bruised and bloodless appearance. The system by which the work is performed at the abattoirs is as humane and painless to the animal as the taking of life can be; and as a large portion of the business is done by machinery, the bodies are not subject to contusions, and, consequently, present a fresh, healthy appearance after death. To show the superiority of the new system over the old method of slaughtering was the object of our former illustrations. Upon recent observation, we found that dressed and shipped was about 1,500, that of hogs was nearly ten times as great, and we now give a faithful representation of this portion of the work.

The apartment in which hogs are slaughtered is upon the second floor of the building, and our first scene is that of the pen into which the animals are driven from their quarters. A chain clasp, patented by

Mr. P. W. Dalton, who superintends this department, is fastened to one of the hind legs, and this being attached to a rope connected with a huge wheel, the hog is raised from the floor and swung to a stand, where a ring of the clasp is caught on a large hook depending from the axle of a shrieve or wheel, which runs along a railway, and the hog is pushed through a small passage-way into a second pen.

By the time it has reached this place, the excitement has subsided, and it hangs in a comparatively quiet manner. The butcher watches a fitting opportunity, and cuts the hog's throat with a sharp knife, and swings it further along on the railway.

As soon as each shrieve is used, the hogs are lowered into the scalding-tub, which is about fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and three and a half feet deep. They are allowed to remain in boiling-water one minute, and are then turned out upon the scraping-bench by an instrument extending across the tub, and furnished with several long teeth. At this bench are about fourteen men, each of whom has something to do on every hog that is sent down. The first two on each side, technically known as scudders, escape the bristles from the head and shoulders; the next four shave, with long knives, the remainder of the body, and roll it to the end of the bench, where a final scraping takes place; a gambrel is inserted in the hind legs, and the hog is forwarded on a shrieve to the dressers' table.

For this work there are several men, each one having a special portion assigned to him. As soon as the entrails have been removed, and the body properly cleaned, it is removed to the drying apartment, where it remains suspended on parallel "runs," until the following day, when it is weighed, and then delivered to the wagons from windows, by means of shoot-bodies are taken to another part of the building, where a most extensive and complete lard manufactory is in constant operation.

Here are eight monster iron caldrons, into which the raw material is thrown; a powerful current of steam is introduced from beneath, and the fat is rapidly reduced to a liquid state. It is then run off into smaller vats, where it remains to settle and cool sufficiently to be packed for shipping. During the busy season one hundred and twenty tierces of pure lard and forty tierces of soap grease are drawn off daily. The sediment at the bottom of the vats is removed, and assailed in filling up the Hackensack river.

With all the hurry and confusion incident to the immense amount of work done, it is remarkable how the building can be kept in no inefficient condition, and all the labor performed in such a quiet and orderly manner. The most scrupulous cleanliness is observed in every department, and the ventilation is perfect.

"The Toast," from the Original by C. D'Unker, at Dusseldorf.

THE Dusseldorf painters have the faculty of making their pictures explain themselves, and our engraving of "The Toast" is no exception. The minuteness of detail, the truth of expression, and the force of character represented, appeal directly to the comprehension, and convey the artist's meaning more thoroughly than a volume of written words. We have here most of the varieties of "respectability" during its post-prandial excesses—the dignified—the grandiose—the comical—the sentimental—the humorous—and that particular variety represented by the gentleman who is seeking to detain the pretty waiting-waitress.

The picture, as we publish it, was drawn on the wood at Dusseldorf, by Mr. D'Unker himself, and very faithfully reproduces the intention of the original painting.

Fishing in the Mississippi River, Opposite Memphis, Tenn.

THE Father of Waters may not be so attractive to the fastidious angler as some of those quiet mountain pools where the shy trout disport. Still, beneath the turbid bosom of the rushing stream the funny tribes are plentiful, and possess many virtues acceptable to the cuisine. The puffing and snorting of steam-boats and the plash of paddle-wheels, has, it is true, scared many of the "native population" into the adjoining lakes and bayous, but there is good fishing still on the Mississippi. For a national dish, a catfish chowder, such as can be served up at Memphis or Vicksburg, or thereabouts, is something that our epicures need not be ashamed of, and for the facilities of which many a poor household on the banks of the big river have reason to be thankful. A Mississippi catfish, correctly done into a chowder, is certainly no "sardine." It is an institution belonging to those parts, the same as roast oysters stuffed with sweet potatoes. When the times are hard many of the inhabitants along the river-side find no other occupation than with line or seine to seek for their dinner in the water. A trap made of wicker-work is often used, being a large conical bucket with a funnel-shaped mouth, into which the fish, swimming down stream, rush unawares, and rarely find the way out again, except into the fisherman's pot. Our engraving represents a fishing scene on the Mississippi, opposite Memphis, in Tennessee.

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—Madame Guerrabella is the daughter of the Hon. Samuel Ward, for several years U. S. Consul at Bristol, England. When at school in Paris, a few years ago, Alice Ward became acquainted with a Russian noble family, and to all appearances with a Russian nobleman, as well as with a clergyman of a few months' standing, who carried off a large number of the Protestant Church. On the breaking out of hostilities between the allied powers of Europe and Russia, the nobleman abandoned his new-made wife, giving as his reason for so doing that his marriage, not having been authorized by the Emperor, nor solemnized by the Greek Church, was null and void, and departed for the Crimea. Of course the lady was helpless, and it seemed as if there was no appeal for her grievances. With a spirit worthy of the race from which she came, however, she resolved to seek reparation. Attended by her parents, the deserted wife went to St. Petersburg, where, through our Minister, she obtained an interview with the Emperor, laid her grievances before him, and appealed to him for justice. With that noble sense of right, which is characteristic of the Czar, he was indignant at the conduct of his subject, and deeply sympathized with the lady. He immediately ordered the nobleman, who then held a position of rank in the army, to appear before him, and commanded him to make such statements to her for his case as she might wish. He then ordered the nobleman to be confined in the same prison with the lady. After the ceremony at which the Emperor himself was present, he turned to the bride and asked: "Madame, do you desire to live with this man as his wife?" "Sire," she replied, "after his heartless conduct toward me, I cannot consent to do so." "Then, madame," the Emperor continued, "my duty is plain, and I herewith pronounce, 'my church will sanction it, a divorce between you; and furthermore, after he has made over to you a certain portion of his property, I will confiscate the remainder, and banish him from the Empire.'"

"Think the judgment was promptly carried out, none who know the power of the Czar will for a moment doubt."







## BOYS WANT IT! GIRLS LIKE IT! OLD FOLKS PRIZE IT!

It is always fresh without being sensational.  
SIX HUNDRED PAGES FOR \$1.50.  
The Cheapest and Best Juvenile Magazine is the

### SCHOOLMATE.

Specimen copies FREE. Club rates most liberal.

JOSEPH H. ALLEN, Publisher,  
654-656w Boston, Mass.

**WANTED** AGENTS to sell Headley's great work "OUR NAVY IN THE REBELLION," very popular, selling rapidly, no competition. Also, just ready, the 54th thousand of "THE LOST CAUSE," a full and complete Southern History of the War—the counterpart of 23 Northern Histories. One Agent sold 220 the first week. Our terms are nowhere excelled. E. B. TRUBAT & CO., Publishers, 654 Broadway, New York. 654-656w

**ARE YOU LAME, Crippled, or Deformed, or have you a child with Hip Disease, Crooked Spine, Paralyzed Limbs, Crooked Feet, Contracted Limbs, Diseased Joints, Weak Ankles, or White Swelling, don't fail to see Dr. MANN, or send for a Circular, 133 West Forty-first Street, New York City. 654-656w**

**CARPENTERS.** SEND for Catalogue of New Practical Books on Architecture and Building. A. J. BICKNELL & CO., Publishers, Troy, N. Y. 654-656w

### REVOLUTION IN TRADE.

Under the Club System, inaugurated by us, we are making a

#### COMPLETE REVOLUTION IN TRADE.

Thus enabling our Customers to obtain supplies of almost all kinds of goods, by the single article, at wholesale prices. In addition to this, in order to facilitate the getting up of clubs, we pay agents handsomely for their services. The most popular system ever placed before the public. Endorsed by prominent business men and the press. Agents wanted in every town and village in the country. CIRCULARS SENT FREE. PARKER & CO., 64 & 66 Federal Street, Boston. 654-656w

**"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."**—Franklin. Why will people pay \$50 or \$100 for a Sewing Machine, when \$25 will buy a better one for all practical purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "DIAMOND" Machines can be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with table, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 654-656w

## Look! Read! Reflect!

### THE PIONEER DOLLAR SALE!

Best Inducements ever Offered.

We make this statement and are able to back it up with facts, namely:

That we can and will sell more Goods, and better, for ONE DOLLAR, than any other like concern in the world. The reason is plainly to be seen. With a very large cash capital, we are enabled to keep agents in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, who are prepared at all times to pick up any and all job lots of goods offered for Cash.

On receipt of one dollar we will send 10 checks describing 10 different articles, which will be sent for one dollar each.

N. B.—Our agents are not required to pay one dollar for their present, as in other concerns.

Agents wanted in every city, town, and hamlet in the United States, to whom we offer the most liberal inducements. Send for Circular. Address

S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,

30 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

654-656w

## HOWE & STEVENS' FAMILY DYE COLORS.

### CAUTION.

ALL persons who keep HOWE & STEVENS' FAMILY DYE COLORS for sale can be relied on for fair dealing, for the reason that they cost the retailer twenty-five cents per dozen more than any other kind of Dyes in the market, while he retails them all at the same price, consequently he makes twenty-five cents per dozen more by selling an inferior article.

We publish this caution to guard our customers against imposition. Accept none but HOWE & STEVENS' PATENT FAMILY DYE COLORS. They are the original inventors of an improvement which originated this branch of business, and made dyeing a domestic art. They have had, also, five years' experience in this particular business, and have been constantly improving the quality of their Dyes. All the colors, both in liquid and powder form, are manufactured by the undersigned, and we can supply our customers with either. The liquids do not require so much time in dyeing; but the powder colors will color the most goods, and costs the same per package. In coloring blacks, browns, and drabs, we would advise the use of the powder colors in preference to the liquid, unless for ribbons or some very small article.

MANUFACTURED BY

MARLEY HOWE,

(Successor to HOWE & STEVENS.)

260 & 262 BROADWAY, --- BOSTON.

654-656w

### Just Out,

THE STRANGER IN THE TROPICS: A GUIDE-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN CUBA, PUERTO-RICO AND ST. THOMAS; with Suggestions to Invalids (By a Physician), and Hints for Tours. One Vol. 8vo. ILLUSTRATED. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Should be read by every person with weak lungs or disordered nervous system.

Will be sent by mail, free, on receipt of price.

FRANK LESLIE,  
ILLUSTRATION AMERICANA,  
No. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

### GOLD! GOLD!!

My Golden Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face in twenty-one days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package; or three for \$1. Address M. A. JAGGER, Oshkosh, Ill. 654-656w

### OFFICE OF

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS,  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

### TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

**Illustrated Newspaper.**—  
One copy one year, or 52 numbers..... \$4 00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers..... 2 00  
One copy for thirteen weeks..... 1 00

**Chimney Corner.**—  
One copy one year, or 52 numbers..... 4 00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers..... 2 00  
One copy for thirteen weeks..... 1 00

**Illustrirte Zeitung (German).**—  
One copy one year, or 52 numbers..... 4 00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers..... 2 00  
One copy for thirteen weeks..... 1 00

**Illustracion Americana (Spanish).**—Payable in gold or its equivalent—  
One copy one year, or 52 numbers..... 9 00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers..... 4 50  
One copy three months, or 13 numbers..... 2 25

**Boys' and Girls' Weekly.**—  
One copy one year, or 52 numbers..... 2 50  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers..... 1 25

**Lady's Magazine.**—  
One copy one year, or 12 numbers..... 3 50

**Budget of Fun.**—  
One copy one year, or 13 numbers..... 1 50

**Pleasant Hours.**—  
One copy one year, or 12 numbers..... 1 50

### CLUB TERMS.

**Illustrated Newspaper.**—Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

**Chimney Corner.**—Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

**Lady's Magazine.**—Four copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$14, with extra copy to person getting up club.

**Illustrirte Zeitung.**—One copy one year, \$4. Five copies, \$15.

**Boys' and Girls' Weekly.**—Three copies, \$6. Five copies, \$10. And \$2 for every additional subscription. Postmasters sending subscriptions of Ten will be entitled to receive FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, or FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, for one year.

**Budget of Fun.**—Four copies, \$6, with extra copy to person getting up club.

**Pleasant Hours.**—Four copies, \$6, with extra copy to person getting up club.

One copy Lady's Magazine and Illustrated Newspaper, one year..... \$7 00

One copy Chimney Corner and Lady's Magazine, one year..... 7 00

One copy Illustrated Newspaper or Chimney Corner and Pleasant Hours..... 5 00

One copy Illustrated Newspaper or Chimney Corner and Budget..... 5 00

One copy one year Illustrated Newspaper, Chimney Corner, and Lady's Magazine..... 10 00

UNITED STATES POSTAGE RATES ON THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS.

On each copy of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, four cents; on each copy of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, ILLUSTRATION AMERICANA, CHIMNEY CORNER, ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG, BUDGET OF FUN, and PLEASANT HOURS, two cents; and if prepaid quarterly in advance at the subscriber's post-office, on the LADY'S MAGAZINE, six cents per quarter; on the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, ILLUSTRATION AMERICANA, and ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG, five cents per quarter; on the BUDGET OF FUN, BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, and PLEASANT HOURS, three cents per quarter.

### POSTAGE TO CANADA.

The same rates as above; but as the postage on Canadian subscriptions must be prepaid in New York, Canadian subscribers will, therefore, in all cases, add the amount of postage to the amount of subscription.

Our publications are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In sending subscriptions, or corresponding, be careful to send Name and Address in full.

Letters and printed matter should be addressed to

FRANK LESLIE,

Box 4121, P. O., New York.

**\$10 A Day for all.** Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 652-5

**Catarrh, Pain, and Noises in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, taints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street. 652-3

### OLDEST, LARGEST,

And most reliable DOLLAR SALE in the U. S. Better goods than any other concern. Webs, cotton cloth, dress and pant patterns, watches, razors, &c., to agents for very little work, and without charge. For 10 cents, a patent pen fountain and slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000, an article to get up worth from \$3 to \$500. Send them in. Samples free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston. 652-3

**Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.**

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia. 652-3

FRANK LESLIE,

Box 4121, P. O., New York.

**\$10 A Day for all.** Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 652-5

**Catarrh, Pain, and Noises in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, taints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street. 652-3

### OLDEST, LARGEST,

And most reliable DOLLAR SALE in the U. S. Better goods than any other concern. Webs, cotton cloth, dress and pant patterns, watches, razors, &c., to agents for very little work, and without charge. For 10 cents, a patent pen fountain and slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000, an article to get up worth from \$3 to \$500. Send them in. Samples free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston. 652-3

**Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.**

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia. 652-3

FRANK LESLIE,

Box 4121, P. O., New York.

**\$10 A Day for all.** Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 652-5

**Catarrh, Pain, and Noises in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, taints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street. 652-3

### OLDEST, LARGEST,

And most reliable DOLLAR SALE in the U. S. Better goods than any other concern. Webs, cotton cloth, dress and pant patterns, watches, razors, &c., to agents for very little work, and without charge. For 10 cents, a patent pen fountain and slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000, an article to get up worth from \$3 to \$500. Send them in. Samples free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston. 652-3

**Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.**

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia. 652-3

FRANK LESLIE,

Box 4121, P. O., New York.

**\$10 A Day for all.** Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 652-5

**Catarrh, Pain, and Noises in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, taints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street. 652-3

### OLDEST, LARGEST,

And most reliable DOLLAR SALE in the U. S. Better goods than any other concern. Webs, cotton cloth, dress and pant patterns, watches, razors, &c., to agents for very little work, and without charge. For 10 cents, a patent pen fountain and slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000, an article to get up worth from \$3 to \$500. Send them in. Samples free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston. 652-3

**Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.**

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia. 652-3

FRANK LESLIE,

Box 4121, P. O., New York.

**\$10 A Day for all.** Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 652-5

**Catarrh, Pain, and Noises in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, taints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street. 652-3

### OLDEST, LARGEST,

And most reliable DOLLAR SALE in the U. S. Better goods than any other concern. Webs, cotton cloth, dress and pant patterns, watches, razors, &c., to agents for very little work, and without charge. For 10 cents, a patent pen fountain and slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000, an article to get up worth from \$3 to \$500. Send them in. Samples free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston. 652-3

**Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.**

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents, together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia. 652-3

FRANK LESLIE,

Box 4121, P. O., New York.

**\$10 A Day for all.** Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 652-5

**Catarrh, Pain, and Noises in the Head.** NORTON'S CATARRH REMEDY and mode of treatment allays the most painful symptoms in a single night, clears the head, removes offensive discharges, taints breath, &c., and cures the most hopeless cases known. Send stamp for pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, No. 11 Ann street. 652-3

## DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

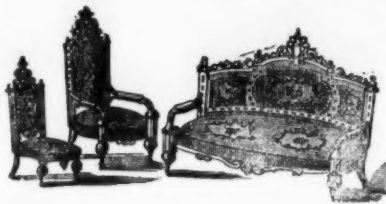
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,

Still continue to keep the largest stock of Parlor, Dining and Bedroom Furniture, of any house in the United States, which they offer to the Wholesale and Retail trade at a discount of twenty per cent. from old prices.

Also,

### BEDDING AND SPRING BEDS,

A GREAT VARIETY.



623-35

## ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

## Great American Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

### TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

## FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE.

12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which we are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, best \$1 per lb.  
MIXED (Green and Black), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, best \$1 per lb.  
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.20 per lb.  
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
GUNPOWDER, \$1.25, best \$1.50 per lb.

### Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

### GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-Office Box No. 5,643, New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join a Club say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds \$30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than \$30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts made payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders to the

## Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 & 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-Office Box 5,643, New York City.

### Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well-finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price \$15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. Also Ladies' Watches elegantly enameled at \$20; these are as rich in appearance as Gold Watches costing \$175 to \$200. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing \$150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from \$2 to \$6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one EXTRA WATCH, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

We employ no Agents, therefore the genuine Oroide Watches can be obtained only by ordering directly from us.

### Something New.

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and



## THE LOVER'S OWN GIFT BOOK.

## The Essence of Album and Valentine

"To her whom each loves best;  
And if you nurse a flame  
That's told but to her mutual breast,  
We will not ask her name."

## The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship.

Selected and arranged by J. W. PALMER, Editor of  
"Folk Songs."

One Handsome Volume, \$1.50.

\*\*\* Sold by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid by the  
Publishers,

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston,  
And 63 Bleeker street, New York.

TUCKER'S CELEBRATED  
PATENT SPRING BED.

The only Spring Bed known combining the essen-  
tials of comfort, cleanliness, durability, and cheapness.  
Superior Iron Bedsteads, Cradles, and Cradles  
of new and handsome patterns. For sale by the principal  
Furniture Dealers and the Manufacturers.  
Tucker Manufacturing Co., 128 William st., N. Y.,  
117 and 119 Court st., Boston. tfo.

## \$10 to \$20 a Day Guaranteed.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED to introduce our NEW  
STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. *Stitch alike on  
both sides.* The only first-class, low-priced machine in  
the market. We will CONSIGN MACHINES to responsi-  
ble parties, AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A  
SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished  
on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., St.  
Louis, Mo.; Cleveland, O.; or Boston, Mass. 652-610

## This is no Humbug!

By sending 30 cents and stamp, with age, height,  
color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail,  
a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with  
name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O.  
Drawer No. 38, Fultonville, N. Y. 3m

## CHICKERING &amp; SONS,

Manufacturers of Grand, Square and Upright

## PIANOFORTES,

were awarded at the Paris Exposition the First Grand  
Prize, the Legion of Honor, and a Grand Gold Medal,  
making sixty-three first premiums during the past forty-  
four years. Warerooms, No. 652 Broadway. otf

PRINCE & COS.  
AUTOMATIC ORGANS  
AND MELODEONS.  
Forty thousand are now in use  
BUFFALO, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

tfo

Hannah Elizabeth Madrell, deceased.  
GEORGE LEIGH COPELAND.

Wanted the present address of GEORGE LEIGH  
COPELAND, who is a residuary legatee of the will  
of Hannah Elizabeth Madrell, deceased, late of  
Douglas, in the Isle of Man, widow. The said  
George Leigh Copeland is requested to communicate  
immediately to his father, John Hans Copeland, 309  
Canal Street, New York, or to Messrs. Francis & Al-  
mond, Solicitors, 21 Harrington Street, Liverpool, Eng-  
land. Should the said George Leigh Copeland be dead,  
and this advertisement meet the eye of any one ac-  
quainted with the fact, they are requested to commu-  
nicate to either of the above addresses.

**\$1.50** Procures by mail, post-paid, Atwater's  
Patent Press, with Book and Writing-  
Case, for copying Letters, &c., instantly and perfectly.  
An article needed by every one! "It is an article  
much needed."—G. W. BROWN. "It is the thing for  
copying."—A. P. BUCK. "I consider your machine  
the best I ever met."—C. H. STEWART. "I would not  
be without it for ten times its cost."—E. H. TRAFLET.  
"I am satisfied it is just the thing."—Prof. H. DUBAUCE.  
"The most convenient arrangement for the purpose  
ever introduced."—Times, Prov., R. I. Agents wanted!  
Profits and sales large! C. C. THURSTON, General  
Agent, Brooklyn, N. Y. o

FRANK LESLIE'S  
PLEASANT HOURS.

PRICE 15 CENTS A NUMBER, OR \$1.50 A YEAR.

A Beautifully Illustrated Journal for the  
Family Circle, Railroad Travelers, etc.

This publication, composed of Original Stories by  
well-known writers, interspersed with interesting  
Narratives of Travel and Adventure in all parts of the  
world; Recent Discoveries in Science; Curious Facts  
in Natural History; Anecdotes, and a great variety of  
Entertaining and Instructive Miscellaneous Reading,  
will constitute a new feature in periodical literature.  
Besides the numerous illustrations in the text, each  
number will contain Two Large and Beautiful  
Engravings on Tinted Paper.

As this work is stereotyped, all the back numbers can  
be had at any time.

In the February No. was commenced an exciting  
captain story,

## CAPTAIN GERALD.

All subscriptions to be sent to  
FRANK LESLIE,  
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.—The new number of  
FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN.  
Containing the Comic History of the  
Month, including Andy Johnson's Im-  
peachment; Billy Seward's Letter-Writer;  
John Bull and the Fenians; Andy making  
General Grant speak; the Romance of the  
Crow—forty illustrations; the new Rich-  
ard the Third. Besides Sixteen pages of  
the finest Comic Literature. For sale by  
all Newsmen.



HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE UTILITARIAN FASHIONS.

Miss Prim comes to the conclusion that she won't have her clothes blown about by the March  
winds, and adopts an efficient remedy.

COLGATE & COMPANY'S  
AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP,

Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all Dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.



TRY THE PATENT LAUNDRY  
BLUEING BAG. A perfectly pure  
Soluble Indigo Blue. Superior to  
all others in economy and conveni-  
ence. Each Bag in a neat Box.  
Price 10 and 20 cents.  
Sold by all Grocers, and by the  
PLYMOUTH COLOR CO.,  
Nos. 106 and 108 Fulton street, New  
York. o651-54

## FLORENCE

Lock Stitch Reversible Feed  
SEWING MACHINES

Were awarded the highest Prize, to wit,  
THE FIRST SILVER MEDAL  
AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.  
The best Family Sewing Machine in the world. Send  
for an Illustrated Circular. 535 Broadway, New York.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS are facsimile re-  
pro- of Oil and Water-color Paintings by  
eminent Artists. Ask for them at the Art stores. Send  
for Circular to L. PRANG & CO., Boston. 551-540

## MERCHANTS, BANKERS,

And others should send to all parts of the United States  
by HARNED'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway. tfo

## All Wanting Farms.

Good Soil, Mild Climate, 34 miles south of Phila-  
delphia. Price only \$25 per acre. Best of grain and grass  
land. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are settling.  
Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Pro-  
prietor, Vineand, N. J.

## CLOVERINE,

A Delightful Substitute for Benzine.

AGENTS:  
W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York City.  
PROPRIETORS:  
ARCHER, B. ROTTEN & CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
543-94

## THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 TIMES, mailed to any address for 50 cts.  
Three of different powers for \$1. Address  
F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS, Catarrh, Consumption, etc., cured by in-  
ventor of Organic Vibrator for Deafness. Treatise  
sent free. Dr. T. H. STILWELL, 198 Bleeker St. o

Received Prize at the Paris Exposition,  
1867.



KALDENBERG & SON  
Manufacture and cut to order First-  
Class Meerschaum Pipes, Holders,  
Amber Mouth-pieces, &c., at Whole-  
sale and Retail. The largest stock  
always on hand.

Repairing and Boiling to satisfaction.  
STORES: 6 John street (up-stairs), 717 Broadway,  
33 Wall (opposite Treasury).  
Send for Descriptive Catalogue. o

Only 50 Cents per Year.  
Specimen Copies sent to any Address, Free of Charge.  
GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS!!!  
The Great Illustrated Humorous Newspaper,  
"THE NOO YOL C LEDGER OF WIT,"  
Large Double Sheet—Size 24 x 38 Inches. Devoted to  
FUN AND AMUSEMENT. Address all communica-  
tions to  
SHELDON N. HOWARD & CO.,  
NO. 4, NEW CHAMBERS ST.,  
P. O. BOX 3,700 NEW YORK.

## PATENT OFFICES.

Inventors who wish to take out Letters Patent, are  
advised to counsel with MUNN & CO., Editors of the  
*Scientific American*, who have prosecuted claims  
before the Patent Office for over Twenty Years. Their  
American and European Patent Agency is the most ex-  
tensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable  
agency. A Pamphlet, containing full instructions  
to inventors, is sent gratis.  
A HANDSOME BOUND VOLUME, containing 150  
Mechanical Engravings, and the United States Census  
by Counties, with hints and Receipts for Mechanics,  
mailed on receipt of 25 cents.  
Address MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New  
York. 643-550

500 Photographs for 10 cents. Address  
A. SEYMOUR & CO., Box 27 Station A, N. Y. City.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.  
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.  
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.  
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.  
Price 50 cents; by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.  
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 626-770

## MILLER &amp; WATSON'S

## PATENT BOOK CLAMP

(IMPROVED).



The greatest invention of the age  
for carrying School Books. Every  
Boy and Girl should have it. Price  
50 cents and \$1. For sale by Book-  
sellers, Stationers, and Yankee  
Notion Dealers.

MILLER & WATSON, Sole Manufacturers,  
211 Centre street, New York.  
State and County Rights for Sale. o652-4

## CEDAR CAMPHOR

Stiffing to insect life. Superior against MOTHS. Sold  
by druggists everywhere. THEOD. S. HARRIS, Suc-  
cessor to Harris & Chapman, Boston. New Size, 50  
cents.

LYON'S  
Ladies' Paper  
COLLARS.

Splendid Imita-  
tions of Linen Em-  
broidery and Needle-  
work in great variety. They are worn by ladies  
everywhere. We will send a dozen of either of the  
above, or of 10 of them, by mail, postage prepaid, on  
receipt of the price. Try them. Address  
Wm. F. Lyon & Son, P. O. Box 4461, N. Y.  
N. B.—Merchants will be supplied on very liberal  
terms. Samples and Price-list by mail when desired.

## SCHUTZE &amp; LUDOLFF'S

## PATENT MONITOR PLATE PIANO

Is superior to all the Pianos in the market, and at the  
same time the cheapest.

WAREHOUSES—452 BROOME STREET, NEAR BROAD-  
WAY.  
PIANOS TO LET at the lowest rates. 649-520

\$100 a Month Salary will be paid to  
Agents, Male or Female, in a new, pleasant, permanent  
business; full particulars free by return mail, or sam-  
ple retailing at \$4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN &  
CO., 48 Broad street, New York. (Clip out and return  
this notice. 648-600

## AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.

## At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Recommended by Railroad Engineers, Conductors,  
Expressmen, and other experts, as superior to all others  
for durability, steadiness, and accuracy as time-keep-  
ers.  
Unscrupulous importers have placed a worthless Swiss  
imitation in the market. To avoid imposition, purchasers  
should invariably demand a certificate of genuineness.  
For sale by all respectable dealers. tfo



FOLLAR & SON,  
Manufacturers of Meerschaum Goods.  
Stores: 27 John st., near Nassau; 692  
Broad'y, n. 4th St. Pipes and Holders  
cut to order and repaired. All goods  
warranted genuine. Send for whole-  
sale or retail circular. Box 5,846. o

## STIMPSON'S SCIENTIFIC PEN



1 doz. Pens (ass'd. points) and Ink-retaining Holder  
mailed, prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents. A. S. BARNES  
& CO., New York. 563-40

## Rimmel's New Perfume.



IRLANG-IRLANG,  
The Flower of Flowers  
(Unona Odoratissima.)  
This charming Per-  
fume may now be had  
of all first-class Drug-  
gists.  
RIMMEL, Paris and  
London.

## CHEAPEST AND BEST.



THEY ARE NEW, NOVEL,  
very STRONG and LIGHT,  
and do not curl up. These

## Metal Edge Cards

are intended for advertising  
all kinds of businesses: also  
theatres, concerts, circuses,  
shows, balls, etc.  
Publishers of books, peri-  
odicals, newspapers, etc.,  
and Manufacturers of drug-  
gists' articles, Yankee no-  
tions, stationers' goods,  
inks, etc., hardware, tools and implements, machines,  
and new inventions, or specialties in any line of busi-  
ness, will find the Metal Edge Cards both effective and  
attractive. Supplied either plain or printed. Send for  
price list. B. M. SMITH, 4 Dey St., New York.  
tfo



## A SAFE,

CERTAIN,

AND

Speedy Cure

FOR

NEURALGIA,

AND ALL

NERVOUS

DISEASES.

Its Effects are

Magical.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package,  
\$1.00, postage 5 cents; six do., \$5.00, postage 27 cts.; twelve do.,  
\$9.00, postage 45 cts. Sold by all druggists.

TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

610-610

FRANK LESLIE'S  
CHIMNEY CORNER.

The Greatest Family and Story Paper of  
the Day.

NO. 151, PUBLISHED APRIL 6,

Will contain the following complete stories magnifi-  
cently illustrated:

THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOSED HOUSE—A Tale  
of Passion and Mystery.

THE JUMPING JENNY—A Supernatural Story of the  
Sea.

TARDY JUSTICE—A Story of Love and Revenge.

AFTER THE MOOSE—A Hunting Adventure.

INDIAN GRATITUDE—A Story of the Backwoods.

AN INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE—A Story of Love and  
Humor.

PHILIP WARE'S MISTAKE—A Love Tragedy.

OUR ECONOMY—A Story of Aunts and Uncles.

LA JEUNE—A Story of Devoted Love.

THE TELEGRAM—A Sensational Story,

And the continuation of

THE QUEEN OF THE STRANGLERS,  
with a variety of instructive and interesting matter.

o

16 Pages and 20 Engravings, for 5 Cents!

FRANK LESLIE'S  
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

No. 79 is the first number of our fourth volume,  
containing the last chapters of ALONE IN THE  
PIRATES' LAIR, which will be followed,  
weekly, by an exciting Romance of Medieval  
Times, called THE STUDENT CAVALIER,  
with beautiful Engravings. In No. 84 will be  
commenced another continued Story for Boys,  
ERNEST BRACEBRIDGE, profusely em-  
bellished with first-class illustrations.

Give away, with No. 78, TITLE and INDEX  
to Vol. 3; with No. 54, the Beautiful Engraving,  
AGAINST HIS WILL; with No. 68, CHECKER  
BOARD, for Chess and Draughts.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS'  
WEEKLY is published every Wednesday, and  
sold by all Newsdealers. Price 5 Cents a copy;  
or 1 copy for six months, \$1.25; 1 copy a year,  
\$2.50; 5 copies a year, \$6.50; 5 copies a year, \$10.

## Monthly Parts, Price 20 Cents.

As the Boys' and Girls' Weekly is electrotyped, all  
back numbers can be had. Send subscriptions to  
FRANK LESLIE,  
537 Pearl Street, New York.